

CONGRESS, JUNE 12th To 21st, TORONTO.

JUNE 17th—Wells' Hill Camp Meeting.
JUNE 18th and 19th—Two Days with God.
JUNE 21st—Mammoth Musical Festival in Massey's New Hall.

WAR CRY



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[Herbert H. Booth, Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland]

PRICE 5 CENTS.



Alas, how true! The objects many men pursue are but delusive bubbles. Like a will-o'-the-wisp, their idols float before their fascinated gaze. They forget that every step brings them nearer the great fixed gulf, and, oh! how many rush on till they feel the ground giving way beneath them, and with a last despairing shriek they dash down to rise no more.

Reader, what says YOUR conscience? Are you madly pursuing mere bubbles? Stop! Look to Jesus. See Him, thy Substitute, die for thee. Yield Him thy heart's best, fullest love and glorify Him. Amen!

"Gifts of the Spirit"

WHAT THEY ARE, UNBELIEF CONCERNING THEM, HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.

Nowadays one can hardly speak of the spiritual gifts which were in the early church, and continued on to the second century; but we hear the old God-disobeying remark, "Oh, but the day of miracles is past;" or, "We are not to expect such gifts to-day," and, "No one has them in this age." This also has been the expressed opinion of many of commentators of note, and as a belief of their miserable unbelief, the hearts of God's children have been saddened, their faith and desire crushed, and the Army of God robbed of her God-glorifying and miracle-working power, the devil and all hell meanwhile jubilant over the powerless condition of God's people.

I confess this was one of the worst temptations that haunted me like a spectre when seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and which cost me many hours of intense fear and agony, until through the Spirit's teaching on the Word of God, I was at last led out of that man-made and devil-patronized labyrinth of doubts and difficulties, and this is the reason I write this for others who may be in the same difficulty, and tempted in the same way.

What They Are.

A full account of the various gifts of the Spirit is given in I. Corinthians, 12th Chapter (for there is a difference between the "Gifts of the Spirit," and the "Gift of the Spirit." The former are certain spiritual powers and blessings which the Holy Spirit gives to the souls of men; while the latter is the great promised "gift of God to man as an individual, personal, and abiding Spirit," the third person in the Trinity—the promised Comforter). The gifts of the Spirit are wisdom, knowledge, faith, gifts of healing, workings of miracle, prophecy, discerning of spirits (evil spirits, selfish spirits, worldly spirits), tongues, interpretation of tongues; but all these wortheth the one and the same Spirit, dividing to each one severally as He will, and to certain persons to whom one or more of these gifts are given, become different characters, and are specially adapted for certain work in the Kingdom of Christ.

The first and highest in rank, are apostles or legates; second, prophets; third, teachers; next, miracle workers; next, gifts of healing; then helps, leaders, tongues; but all are not apostles, or teachers or leaders, for God is the Sovereign Giver of all these good, perfect, and wonderful gifts. But some may say, "If this be so, is there any ground of hope of us obtaining any of these needed gifts?" Yes, thank God, for the apostle grandly sums up the whole chapter with this grand command.

But "desire earnestly" (R.V.) or, "seek zealously," is the key to the meaning, and commentators agree in the meaning, "seek zealously" the greater gifts, that is the superior and greatest gifts mentioned above and again in chapter xiv. 6. Follow after love, yet, "desire earnestly," or seek zealously spiritual gifts, but rather that you may "prophecy;" and in verse 12, "Seek that you may excel in the edifying of the church." Verse 39, "Covet to prophecy." Verse 31, "For ye may all prophesy."

Now, do the words mean that we are not to expect them, but the very opposite? They were commanded to seek them zealously. What for? With no hope of obtaining them?—such would be delect and mockery; but no, they were to expect to receive them, for "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," but when desire cometh, or is satisfied, it is a "tree of life."

Now do not the same promises and commands hold good for us to-day as for the early Christians? If not, how are we to know which do apply to us, for none of the promises were made to us but to them and to the believers down to the last age. If we doubt one we must doubt the whole, for the same Spirit dictated the whole, and creates in us the desire for their fulfillment with a view to our seeking earnestly for them in order that we shall be useful for all the promises of God in Christ Jesus, that is all those promises which point to Christ, and have their fulfillment in or through Him, are. Yes, and let it be so, to the glory of God by us; and Paul, who the gospel he preached was not you and me, but in Him—in Christ was the yes, and in Him the amen. (The fulfillment). Glory to God, all are ours, and we are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

And apart from the promises, let me ask, is not the need for spiritual power and ex-

hibition as great now as then? Is not Jesus Christ the same yesterday and to-day even for ever? Is God a respecter of persons? Did He dimly His power during the first two thousand years of Christianity? Is He not now as anxious to convince men of His existence, love, power, and willingness to save and bless them as then, and will men ever be convinced of these things without undeniable spiritual manifestations?

No. No. No! Therefore, from God's commands, which are more than promises, and from reason, we are convinced that these promised blessings are included in those spiritual blessings which He blessed us with in Christ. The next thing is to conclude which of them do we need most; the most useful certainly, and which does Paul encourage and instruct them to seek for, "The Spirit of Prophecy," or speaking in the Spirit, to stand up between the living and the dead while thoughts, truths and feelings rush into your mind and soul, when ideas, arguments and illustrations before unthought and unknown fly quickly to your help and roll from your lips in streams of graceful, burning, living utterance. The solemn truth you utter which pierce the consciences, move the hearts, influence their will, convince their judgment, baptizing in them faith, urging immediate decision resulting in their full surrender to God and acceptance of salvation. This is the result of speaking in the Spirit or the "Gift of Prophecy," and its effect on the sinner. See verses 24 and 25. While in the next verse speaks of edification, exhortation and comfort. Verse 3, chap. 14.

Brother, sister, this is the gift you need, is it not? Are you an officer or soldier, then you need it and are absolutely useless without it. Nothing else will substitute it, human eloquence, learning, argument, gesture, magnificence, all are failures in raising the dead and bringing souls to Christ; all else is empty theorizing and truthless labor. Thank God, you may have it, if it proves to be true, and God likes to fulfil, and you are willing to persistently seek it zealously, it shall be yours. Consecrate yourself fully to God and go in to seek the gift which He so earnestly gives you need and which He waits to bestow, for everyone that asketh receiveth; but be like the importunate widow, stick to it till you get it. Hallelujah!—Yours, earnestly seeking more and more, EMMET WATSON.

EYES TO BEHOLD.

"Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

Many with him had lived in the days of John to see with human eyes the Christ in living flesh. Ah! we in these days can be blessed more than many who beheld His bodily form if we will but ask to have the scales removed from our spiritually blind eyes.

Christ once asked, "Who is My mother?" and, "Who are My brethren?" they who do the will of My Father in heaven."

We may come much nearer to Christ than beholding Him in the flesh, by yielding our hearts in submission, loving Him with all our heart and soul, and asking, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and doing it, asking the sin-polluted to lift their eyes and behold the Lamb of God lifted on the cross to look and live. Believe the power to antidote the sting. Lift the eye of faith, say with John, "Behold the Lamb," that is sacrificed for the sins of the world.

Oh, sinner, refuse not this look at the bleeding One, Who died to save you! The dying thief met but a last longing look to be remembered, and he was rewarded for his lost prayer. Oh, wait not for last moments, which may not be intelligent ones! Give your best, your early youth, to a loving Saviour worthy of it.

A YIELDED LIFE.

BY M. MARRIOTT, AUXILIARY.

What is a yielded life? A life no longer mine. But crucified hitherto to sin, "Self" no more reigns supreme therein. He now through me can shine.

What is a yielded life? A life where Christ holds sway, O'er which He is the rightful Lord, The ruling power His whisperd word, Led by it day by day.

What is a yielded life? A life in His control, Unruffled still by stormy breeze, When sorrow, with its surging sea, Would sweep my God-kept soul.

THE GHOST AND THE BACKSLIDER.

Raised Against His Will.

A SPIRIT ENTERS A PROTEST.

He was dead; stone dead. It was not a false rumor started to throw creditors off the scent, or a matter of mistaken identity—somebody else's body identified at the morgue as his, and he turning up again like the jodeling Richmond millman. A little while ago, after his wife had paid for his funeral and had every reason to believe he had put him under the ground decently and for good, Samuel was as dead as Agass, as dead as if he had been cremated; and more, he had been buried in the Ramoth cemetery and could only be correctly referred to as "the late Mr. Samuel. King Saul had been rather glad that it was so. They had hardly been on speaking terms for some time before Samuel's death and there was always such a row when they did meet that if the elders of a town saw Samuel coming they would tremble and say, "Comest thou peaceably?" and feel very pleased if he said "Yes." Saul had turned out badly; he was not at all what Samuel expected he would be when he anointed him, and we are told that "the Lord repented that he had made Saul king of Israel."

He had, by his continual disobedience to God and his wicked ways, won out His patience, and at this period of his career had reached that most dreadful state, that of a soul who had grieved the Holy Spirit of God, and in consequence was forsaken of Him. Samuel had mourned for Saul and tried to win him back until God told him He had rejected him, and then he kept away from him altogether. With no one to bull him—him—that was how he regarded good advice—Saul went from bad to worse. He got wind that Samuel had anointed David to be king, and he knew what his life he had him in consequence. But at last he got himself into a regular muddle. The Philistines brought a great army against him, and the Israelites had pitched their tents "by a fountain which is in Jezreel." It was a version of "Will you meet me at the fountain?" that Saul had no stomach for. "He was afraid and his heart greatly trembled." It was not that Saul was afraid of a battle. In the mood he then was he was just spoiling for a fight, but it seemed so much as if Samuel's words were about to become true, "The Lord rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day and hath given it to a neighbor of thine that is better than thou." It brought Saul to the penitent-form straight away, but alas! he found there was no one to deal with him and no one to hear his prayer. The Lord had forsaken him and he went to an enquiry room, but the Lord answered him not; then he tried to recollect his dreams in the mornings, but they were such both he could work out nothing from them; then he went to priests, but Uriah and the priests revealed nothing; then he sent the prophets but could not drop on one with any message for him. It is an unpleasant thing to be rebuked in anger or to have a lot of unpalatable truth told about one's short-comings and over-coming, but to be utterly ignored is infinitely worse, and to be forgotten, what is harder than that even in regard to earthly affections? And to be forgotten of God, to hear Him say, "I never knew you!" Didn't you make me a Cavalier in the Army, saying, "The Lord hath anointed thee to be captain over His inheritance!" "I never knew you—you are forgotten." "Didn't I prophesy in Thy name, so that all the people exclaimed in wonder, Is Saul also among the prophets?" "I never knew you, you have been blotted out from the book of my remembrance." Oh, why had not Saul listened to the advice of Samuel on his coronation day. "Only fear the Lord and serve Him in truth with all your heart; for consider what great things He hath done for you." Saul was a converted man once right enough. Didn't Samuel tell him "The Spirit of the Lord will come upon thee and thou shalt prophesy and shalt be turned into another man, and shalt do these signs come to pass? Yes, they did, and God took him for persistent disobedience and wilful wickedness. And so it came that he, rebelling against God in the day of his might, found himself forsaken in the hour of his weakness. Instead of having an almighty warrior at his back he had to seek the aid of a miserable quack spiritualist, one of a class he so hated that he had in his miserable days expelled them from his kingdom, it being death to remain. He recognised himself that it was coming pretty low down to consult a woman who in these days would have probably

been travelling round with a show, or holding seances in which business questions answered idiotic questions in an apparently idiotic way, and so he disguised himself, putting on other clothes in which he looked more like a "tramp" than anything else, and which made the witch naturally conclude that he and the two companions were come to "burnt up the show," as an American would say. Reassured on this point the lights were turned down and the performance began. "Shall I bring you up unto thee?" And he said, "Bring me up Samuel." While the woman made her incantations, and was probably practising herself what excuse to make why the spirit wouldn't walk on that night, and wondering also what particular sort of Samuel was the one wanted, to her intense amazement and horror she saw what in her first excitement she thought to be "gods," but on looking again described as an old man covered with a mantle, and set out in terror when she recognised the features of the well-known prophet. "And Saul said to Saul, Why hast thou deceived me to bring me up?" He was naturally not over-pleased at being called back to a world of this sort, and especially when he could do no earthly good. And I don't know whether it ever strikes spiritualists that if the "rapping" they speak of is produced by spirits at all it is probably that they are besting the what's his name into some similar feeling of irritation to that which Samuel felt. The answer, by the way. Poor Saul had no excuse to offer but his utter misery. "I am now distressed, for the Philistines make war against me and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets nor by dreams; therefore I have called thee that thou mayest make known unto me what shall I do." What a wall of despair is there in the words! "I am now distressed. God is departed from me and answereth me no more." But no comfort could Samuel give. "Wherefore dost thou ask of me, seeing the Lord is departed from thee, and is become thine enemy?" "Aye, if God were against him who could be for him? Samuel could only remind him of the warnings he had had and tell him that the Lord would fulfil the doom he had prophesied, and that on the morrow "shalt thou and thy sons be with me" to await the judgment day. "Then Saul fell straightway all along on the earth and was sore afraid because of the words of Samuel, and there was no sound of his voice, for he had said no word all the day nor all the night." Poor Saul! the last loop-hole of comfort had failed him, and with despair in his heart he led his troops to battle, to see them mowed down like grass, his sons Jonathan and Abinadab among the slain and himself to fall a suicide, a dreadful illustration of the warning—"Because I have called and you refused; I have stretched out My hand and no man regarded, but you have set at naught My counsel and would none of My reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh."

Australian "Ory." WILBERTON.

WISE DECISION.

Arise, go to your father. This the prodigal did, and noted a wise part. Many miserable ones like him, are finding they have done the wrong thing in wandering away from a house of love, comfort and plenty. You know the mistake you have made. Oh, act at once! Decide, and return to the Father. Who grieves over your departure, and waits to receive the lost one again to His home.

Oh, reason with yourself like this withal outcast, "Why should I endure this wretchedness when there is plenty in my Father's heart to supply all my need; there I shall have comfort, peace, and happiness. I will not longer eat the husks of sin, I will arise."

This determination, this "I will," is the salvation. Do not talk between two opinions. Will to obtain pardon and it is won. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." "Whosoever will, let him come." God's will is that you may be made whole. God wills that all men shall be saved, and sent His Son to tell us, and tells His disciples and followers to proclaim it to the ends of the earth. He wishes the heathen to hear it, and how to Him. "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye stand? Arise and go to the Father."

Many complain for want of liberty, who thrust their feet in Satan's fetters. God's truth is deep and silent as the ocean waters. Let man keep in harmony with it, and he can float upon its peaceful bosom, but let him come in contact with it and it will dash his frail bark to atoms.

SOCIAL SCRAPS.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN BERNETT

(Secretary for Social affairs in the Dominion).

The Lifeboat Shelter, Toronto, is at present undergoing a great overhauling. We have just received about ninety wire mattresses, which have already been processed a grand improvement by our boarders. The Shelter is being painted throughout inside, which gives it a very cheerful appearance. The lavatories have been rearranged, and the floor laid with cement with a red finish, which looks warm and clean. Everything is now in a first-class sanitary condition, and the Shelter is most cheerful and homelike.

The food lately is much better quality, and the dining-rooms, which is scrubbed daily, is most comfortable and inviting.

Lieutenant Ross is a busy man, but God is helping him to manage this well in his department.

The latest additions to our Toronto Shelter staff are Cadet Liston, Cadet Carleton, both from Winnipeg; also Father Lucas, who has been appointed watchman.

Cadet Chappel, who has been sick several weeks, will be back about the middle of June we expect.

The Prison Gate Home is just receiving more attention, and we are expecting this to be a grand success.

Good news comes from the Coal and Wood Yards. Captain Freeman is in charge of this, and he is as busy as can be.

We have good news to report from the Social Coal and Wood Yards. Another horse has been added to their number, as the orders were coming so fast that we had to get more power. The business is going splendid, and is a growing success. Captain Freeman is in charge, and he has plenty to do, but with his help he manages to get through a lot of work in a little time.

The express business is one of the latest, and we shall be pleased to do anything in this line cheap and well for any soldiers, friends, or sinners. The telephone number is 761 (Captain Freeman).

THE FARM. This is increasing in stock, etc., and in interest. The fattening pens have just been finished after a lot of hard work, and now you can find about sixty pigs in fine condition and in the most sanitary pens. Yes, Adjutant McMillan and the Social Secretary did about two days of real hard work assisting the carpenters. You should see the Adjutant pound the nails. Talk about elbow grease! We had a good supply.

Joe Deef's Shelter is going ahead at full speed under the management of Captain Fox and his assistant, Captain Dodge.

BIBLE PICTURES OF THE WHISKEY TRADE.

1. In the bar-room—

The fat rum-seller:
"We to him that buildeth a town with blood, and stablisheth a city by iniquity."—
Ezek. ix. 12.

The fellow who treats:
"We unto him who giveth his neighbor drink."—
Ezek. ix. 15.

The fellows who are treated:
"Who hath we? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?"—
Prov. xxiii. 29.

The landlord who rents his house for a shilling:
"We to him that coveteth an evil covetance to his house." Thus hast thou smitten shame to thy house by cutting off many people, and hast smitten against thy soul."—
Ezek. ix. 9, 10.

How it looks at midnight:
"For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean."—
Isaiah xlviii. 8.

2. In the house—

The windows stuffed with rags:
"For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."—
Prov. xx. 1.

Wife and children kicked about:
"Strong drink is raging."—
Prov. xx. 1.

Delirious tremors:
"As the heat it breatheth like a serpent, and stretcheth like an adder."—
Isaiah lxviii. 6.

Sir GEORGE DYMIS, Premier of New South Wales, is in favor of our Social operations having government support.

A FRENCH magistrate has sentenced a would-be suicide to be detained in a Salvation Army Home for six years.

OUR PLATFORM

Captain Carruthers, of Lippincott Street,

— ASKS —

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Now, my dear comrade, let me ask you the question, "How do matters stand betwixt God and your soul?"

"Have you been to the cleansing blood and had it applied to your heart? Or are you like the impotent man we read of in St. John, 5th chapter, who was so near to the life-giving pool, but not in it?"

There lay the poor man, not because he wanted to remain there, or had not an opportunity of stepping into the pool, but because of his inability to do so at the right time. Through the impotency of his body, and the want of someone to help him, another person got into the pool before him, while the waters were troubled. But Jesus came along, and understanding the poor man's case, proffered His help, which the man gladly accepted, and in a short while, through being obedient to the command of Jesus, he took up his bed and walked off, being made whole.

"Now, poor sinner, how long have you been lying at the edge of the fountain?" For years you have hung around it. Are you aware that the disease of sin is getting a tighter grip of you every day? "Ah," you say you have tried to be better and to do right, but you have always failed. Yes you have as you have sat in the meetings, when the waters have been troubled, and seen others get into the fountain. Then you wished you had got in too, but you only sat in your seat, and made resolutions to do and be better in your own strength, and went away failing to carry them into practice. Now while there is some one to help you step into the fountain, the waters are troubled, your father, mother, brother, sister, wife, husband and children, all stand by to help you in by prayer. But best of all Jesus wants to help you. Now don't hang back any longer. This is the season the angel is down, the waters are troubled, your conscience is smitten, you feel the weight of your sins, soon the disease of sin will have reached the climax, and the cold clammy hand of death will have laid hold of you.

Jesus asks the question, "Wilt thou be made whole?" We wait your answer, your praying mother waits your answer, your godly father waits your answer, your brother and sister, son and daughter waits your answer, the angels in heaven, and He who holds the brittle thread of your existence waits for your answer.

What is it to be? Decide for Christ, and hear His blessed words, "Rise, take up thy bed and walk."

So near to the fountain, now, what do you lack?
What is it, poor sinner, is keeping you back?
The waters are troubled, now, think of your soul,
Step into the fountain, get made fully whole.

AN OVERCOMER!

(I. John v. 4.)

I am glad to report that I am in every sense of the word, an overcomer through faith. This rich experience has not always been mine, for I, like many more, have been subjected to some very strong temptations, and given way to some. But I am, and have been for some time now, an overcomer. Praise God!

It has flashed through my mind while pondering over His life, that not only was Jesus Christ a mighty Overcomer in His glorious resurrection, when the women came early to the grave, seeking their Lord and Master. Instead of finding Him they found an angel, who informed them that He was not there, but He was risen. But I know Him an overcomer in the garden, in the betrayal, and on the Cross. Right through His life Christ was

A Mighty Overcomer,

leaving us a beautiful example. The world says we cannot be overcomers, and the flesh cries out quite as loud, "It's impossible!" and the devil in some experience in his attempt to hinder or discourage us. But the Word says, "Whoever is born of God overcometh the world."

I not only also acknowledge Joseph an overcomer, when I see him arrayed in that beautiful tunic, and driving in the king's own second chariot; but I own him an overcomer in the pit, and through that bitter temptation of that devilish woman in the dungeon, and right through his life Joseph was a mighty overcomer. And these examples of victorious lives are set forth for our encouragement. We are subject to strong temptations of different kinds, but let us never forget that with every temptation there is a way of escape.

I own our enemies are strong and well-clad; I own their name is legion: I own they know their business only well; I own they can level an arrow pretty well, but have we not a Christ? Is there not an armor wherewith we can clothe ourselves, that even the fiercest arrow that the devil can hurl at us, will have to turn its point? Yes, praise God, there is, and we can have it by faith and works.

Never let the devil have the chance of shooting us in the back, let us keep our faces to him.

I own the battle is a fierce one, but let us stand fast. I seem to hear the lost souls in hell crying out, "Stand fast!" The comrades of bygone days, who have lost their hold, are crying, "Stand fast! Stand fast!" And Christ is saying, "Hold the fort, Stand Fast!"

Shall we not? We will! Then heaven shall be ours.

Let us not be like a man I heard just the other day. He said, "I was known to be a champion fighter for a number of years, but I never fought any." Oh, how the people laughed, and I thought well they might, for I myself was at a puzzle to find out where the glory was coming from he was heaping upon himself. And are there not many in this Salvation warfare, who wear the badge of honor—I mean the uniform—who are not strangers to a life of defeat? The badge cries out, "Victory!" but the life cries out, "Defeat!" The bonnet cries out, "Victory!" but the life cries out, "Defeat!" Such a life is not coveted.

Brother comrade, sister comrade, do not be discouraged, there is life and victory for you. You can in every sense of the word be an overcomer by faith in God.

ARTHUR SHEARD, Garrison Officer.

LIVING CHRISTIANITY.

The Word of God tells us "that except our righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, we shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Now that I learn about the righteousness of the Scribes and the Pharisees, and about all, formal, ceremonial deadness—or life—no living Christianity about it whatever. Thus these words of caution to us from the Master Himself.

It is too sad a fact that so many of the professed followers of Jesus Christ to-day are given up to forms and ceremonies rather than living in touch with Him Who has said, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Not only was Jesus delivered for our offenses and raised again for our justification, but He also has become our life. Hallelujah! The life which He came to purify the conscience from dead works to serve the living God, to daily enable us to possess a living salvation; or, in other words, to possess a salvation that shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees.

John says, "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." Thank God, He has become my life, and I can say with Paul, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

Reader, has Christ become your life?
Captain PENNY.

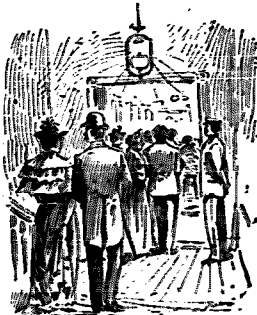
The New Central Hall, TORONTO, I

Opened Amid Shouts of Enthusiasm and Delight, BY THE COMMANDANT.

Dr. Thomas Catches Fire—The President
of the Methodist Conference Speaks
Highly of us.

SCENE No. IX. ACCOMPLISHED.

"Whereas it was in thine heart to build
an house unto My name thou didst tell that
it was in thine heart."—I. KINGS VIII. 18.



Jubilee Hall, early arrivals

SCENE No. 9 OF THE YEAR OF THE
GENERAL JUBILEE IS AN ACCOMPLISHED
FACT. Delightfully so! Now, as often as
we like, we can pray all night without hav-
ing to submit to "an atmosphere enough to
poison one's very brain, or else to freeze
one's very blood."

A greater boon than this new hall to the
soldiers of Toronto it would be hard to
find. No longer shall we be forced to
appeal to our neighbors, or to rent an out-
side hall, when the forces of the Queen
City assemble together to meet with God
and one another.

The site of the building is the old base-
ment beneath the Temple, but no magic
transformation came could be more start-
ling than this. It is a triumph of architec-
tural skill. It is almost incredible that
were once we shivered or smothered in a
space of

Duggee-Like Gloom,

now we step into a delightful, airy, grace-
ful amphitheatrical hall, with seating ac-
commodation for 600 souls, with whole-
some ventilation, and excellent acoustic
properties.

It was no wonder that the soldiers—in
fact, everybody who crowded in, bright and
early to the opening on Friday, were just
about as excited as a child with a brand-new
toy. We could contrast the excited buzz
and chatter of voices to nothing less than
the agitated babel of delight the little
Shelter children made around the Christmas
tree, when Elsie got a doll, and Freddie his
long-prayed-for proper pair of braces.

It was no wonder they were excited—the
soldiers—for a prettier, pleasanter hall
it would be hard to find, or a more appreci-
ative audience within to scrutinize and com-
ment on its many beauties.

Borders, Panels, Dados;

the stained oak graining; the maple hard-
wood floor, oiled and varnished; the ash
ceiling; the bronze columns; the 600 nice
new chairs; the thirty-one fancy glass
globes, and the five chandeliers; the win-
dows with old broken panes replaced with
tinted glass; the twelve semi-circular suc-
cessive rises with easy five-inch steps, from
the platform in the corner to the door.

But it is useless to describe—to be pro-
perly admired our Jubilee Hall must be
seen. (Oh, General, live for ever!)

At last as the clock struck eight a truce
was proclaimed to the surging clatter of
tongues. The Commandant appeared. The
band appeared; the ministers appeared;
the big drum

Rolled and Rumbled,

and the little kettle-drum chipped in. The
chorus continued. The deep bass of Staff-
Captain Jover reverberated round the hall,
and was lost to memory amongst the texts
painted on the new supports to the ceiling.

Then everybody looked at one another,
clipped their hands, thought it was the
heartiest meeting they had been in for
many a long day, smiled, and sat down ex-
hausted.

Staff-Captain Fry edged his way through
the well-packed, dense mass of handsomen-
ly attired, dapper men of handsome
Brigadier de Barritt surveyed the excited
audience with an air of pardonable pride,
and gave out "Song Eleven," on the rap-
idly-selling song-sheet. It was indescrib-
ably beautiful to hear the sound of praise
that swelled for the first time in the Jubilee
Hall.

"Soldiers of Jesus, Blessed art thou,"

and the chorus:

"Step out on the ground, get under the Blood."

The Blood of Jesus—the cleansing stream
was the theme that filled our heads, and
touched the singer's ears above all else in
the opening sentences in the first meeting.
May it ever be so! Thank God, the Hall
is being consecrated fast with

The Seal of Souls

at the penitent form.

Mrs. de Barritt prayed, and the sol-
diers softly sang:

"What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the Blood of Jesus."

The Commandant commented between
the verses that the longer he lived and the
more experience he acquired in the sphere
in which he had been called to work the
more confident he became of the fact, that
there was no creed, no theory, no power
worth the having but the knowledge of the
love of Jesus. The Commandant invited
the sinners to come to the Blood, for the
most illiterate man present might even
now take the short cut to Calvary.

Staff-Captain Jover becometh the Lord
that the General's Jubilee Hall might be-
come the birth-place of souls, and already
his prayer is being answered.

It was no wonder the Commandant
felt that this was a happy occasion indeed,
and he had a very pleasant duty to perform
in opening the new Toronto Jubilee Hall.
(God bless the General!)

The Commandant had intended to make
a few preliminary remarks introducing the
array of talents represented by Dr. Thomas,
Dr. Parker, Inspector Archibald, and
others; but as matter of sober fact, he
spoke for nearly an hour with rapid utter-
ance and fiery fervor of spirit.

The Reverend Dr. Thomas followed the
Commandant, and spoke in accents full of
Salvation warmth and brotherly sympathy.

He commenced by alluding to General
Booth as "one who has impressed himself
upon this generation perhaps more than
any other man."

"I have been impressed," continued the
Doctor, "since I have come into this
room, and sat in a state of—I don't know
what. I might call it ecstasy, enthusi-
asm, and astonishment, at the peculiar
flow of eloquence to which we have been
listening, that if I did not know it was
Herbert Booth, I should certainly imagine
he was a son of the family."

"I certainly not for years have listened
to such a flow of earnest, enthusiastic com-
mon sense as we have listened to to-night."

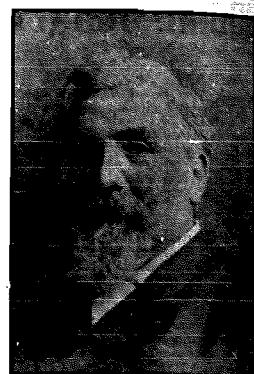
"Now, the Salvation Army for some
years has stood for several things:

"1st. For an experimental Christianity.
I believe that point has been thoroughly
proved here to-night. My heart was
thrilled before I had been in here three
minutes. When I hear you talk about get-
ting under the influence of the

Blood of Jesus,

I thought, there is a place where there
must be a melting fire. Under the influ-
ence of this cleansing Blood hearts are
melted, and lives are enthused.

"2nd. Another thing, the Salvation
Army has stood for its practical Christiani-
ty. Why, you are going into all imagin-
able businesses under the sun. I don't



REV. DR. THOMAS.

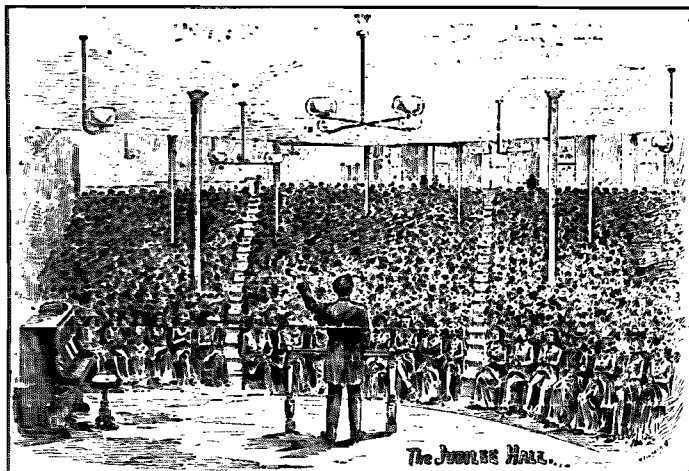
which grows under pressure. You know
that the best brain in the world, is that
which is developed under pressure, when
there was

A Fixed Goal

to keep it from running to sea, and you
know that the rose has been beautifully
formed, because there was pressure on
every side to keep it from getting un-
ruly."

"Now, the Salvation Army is growing
under pressure, and it is going to make
a magnificent flower, going to develop into
beauty and usefulness, in which God shall
be glorified, and His Kingdom extended in
a marvellous way.

"Another thing that the Salvation Army
has stood for a long time in my conception,
is enthusiasm. (I don't know how I shall
be able to preach on Sunday!) To get into



The Jubilee Hall.

Major Compiles,

at the word of the Commandant, arose. He
recalled to mind some individual who was
once in the habit of frequenting "Gaiety's"
in London, to partake of ice-cream, and
who expressed a wish to possess a throat
like a swan's, that he might taste it a long
way down. The War Cry Editor thanked
God for a religion that he could enjoy warm
and mellow right down in the very depths
of his heart.

About the heartiest of all the merry
choruses was the old-fashioned:

"If a soldier you would be,
Come along and go with me."

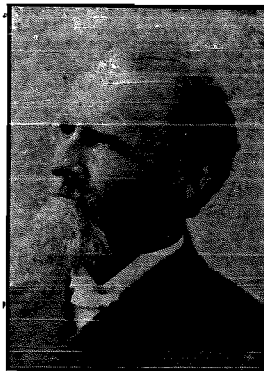
But in the refrain "Stand to arms,"
where every soldier should start to his feet,
less than half the forces were ready for
action; but the Commandant repeated the
verse with the suggestion that the whole
audience should do it this time for once,
"just to try the sensation."

It seemed incredible to think, as we lis-
tened to the Commandant's animated voice
full of enthusiasm and force, that he was
actually in a position, either mentally or
physically to hold a meeting, for he had
just returned from travelling over a dis-
tance of

3,000 Miles,

and in addition to conducting eight public
meetings, his time had been so closely oc-
cupied with important matters of the War
that he had scarcely been to bed one night
before three a.m. So busy is our leader
pushing the interests of the Kingdom of
Christ, which to him are dearer than life.

disapprove of it, either. I admire the en-
terprise which has distinguished this de-
velopment of Salvation Army enthusiasm,
and I hope you will succeed in the milk
business, and that God will be glorified
thereby.



REV. DR. PARKER.

"I don't want to see you getting so rich
that you will be growing proud. I believe
that the best developed Christianity is that

that place where you could not get a "Hel-
lujah" or an "Amen" for all the world.
I was wondering at the eloquence of your
Commandant. I was amazed that he could
pour forth on every subject. I am not sur-
prised that he did not get to bed till four
in the morning. However, the Salvation
Army has stood in my conception as repre-
senting an enthusiastic Christianity; and
what is Christianity worth if it is not en-
thusiastic? This milk-and-water business
is not worth anything if it is not able to
set the world on fire. I believe the two
business men in Toronto to-day are the
men who place themselves on

The Altar of Their Business.

I don't think it is a good thing for most of
them, but I tell you that in the religion of
Jesus Christ, you cannot expend your en-
ergies, or exhaust yourselves, or over-
tax yourselves with too much enthusiasm.

"Some years ago you will know that
those who first inhabited Great Britain
were Welshmen. By the force of superior
numbers the Saxons came in and drove
them back into the mountains. On oc-
casion there were a few of these Welsh
people and the Saxons were doing them
fearful damage. These few scattered
Welsh gathered together in a little corner,
and with them were quite a number of
women with their red shawls, which they
resolved upon a certain word, which they
would unfailingly shout as soon as the
army came within hearing, and under the
blessing of God it was effectual, for it so
frightened the Saxons that they fled and

new were seen in that part for a hundred years after."

It is impossible to quote the whole of Dr. Thomas' eloquent speech; unfortunately, in fact we are forced to content ourselves with little more than

A Few Main Sentences.

gathered from the numberless inspiring expressions of all our speakers.



Staff-Inspector Archibald was no way behind Dr. Thomas in warmth of feeling and words of encouragement. He said:—"I can very well sympathize with Dr. Thomas, for somehow or other I have the same feelings as he has; that is, I am sure I shall fall into the awful mistake of making a long speech. I never feel any difficulty in attempting to say a few words when surrounded by Salvationists, and only the only difficulty I have is to speak just."

"While Dr. Thomas was relating that little incident, another came to my mind, and I think you will all be more or less conversant with it and, therefore, I need not give it in detail."

Here the Inspector told the story of the

Gideon's Army.

How he started with an army of only 2,000, which was to face an army "as countless as the stars, or the sands of the sea."

Gideon's army was far too large for the thirty, for we find that after thinning them down to 300 he accomplished a glorious victory, being particular to point out that it was only after every miserly, selfish, cowardly soul had been crowded out.

"When I got the Jubilee WAR CRY, I spent four hours reading it, and really when I got through, I felt that if I had only been in the position to give you my cheque for \$1,000 it would give me the greatest joy. For the man and the woman who are at their disposal, who has read

That Jubilee Scheme

is outlined in the WAR CRY, who would not contribute of their means to carry it out, I would not give much for their Christianity."

"I know something of the scheme touched upon by the Commandant—the Social House—which has been instrumental in raising hundreds and thousands from slavery and crime, and placing them on a path of right, and I tell you, that for every dollar you contribute towards the carrying out of this scheme, you will get fourfold in this world, and something in the world to come that figures cannot estimate. And now, Commandant, I think the best thing I can do is to

Pay My Debt.

(Here he gave the Commandant an envelope.)

"I don't think I have ever been better pleased with anyone in this world than I have been with the Commandant this evening. I don't know that I have ever heard or read utterances from a human voice that were greater or more Christlike than the words made by Herbert Booth in this building to-night; and if I were not in the position I am in, and had such a call upon me at George Street, I would gladly place myself as a humble follower of Herbert Booth."

The Staff-Inspector sat down amidst

cheers of delighted approbation.

The next speaker was the Rev. Dr.

Fisher, who spoke as follows:—

"I feel very much at home to-night. I cannot hear a story of a missionary who went into a certain neighborhood. The first man he met agreed to give him board and lodgings and to help him

generally. After a while the missionary told the man that he was

An Episcopalian,

whereupon the man told him that he, too,

was an Episcopalian. Thereupon they had

a grand meeting that night. After the

meeting the missionary asked his friend

what was that he was an Episcopalian; and

was told to what diocese he belonged, and

was confirmed him.

"'Oh,' said the man, 'I don't know anything about these things.'"

"'Well, but,' said the missionary, 'I thought you told me that you were an Episcopalian, how can this be when you have never been confirmed, etc.?'"

"'I'll tell you how it began,' said the

man. 'Some time ago I was visiting a city some distance from here, and going into an Episcopalian Church, I heard someone say,

"'We have done those things which we ought to do, and we have left those things which we ought to do.'"

"'Well,' says I, 'that's a man, and ever since I have been an Episcopalian.'"

"'And when I heard Dr. Thomas say hallelujah and glory to God, and speak of the Blood that cleanses from all sin.

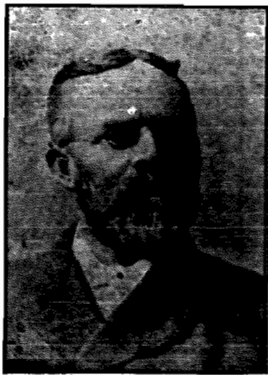
"'I do not come to you to-night as a delegate from the Methodist Church, but I do in sentiment. I have the honor to be

The Head of the Conference

this year, and I think I can safely say for my comrades that we rejoice over this building and over your successes of the past, and pray that they may continue more and more in the future. And why should we not have an interest in the Salvation Army, for does not it come from the Methodist Church? History tells us that by a difference in the great old Episcopalian Church the Methodist body sprang into existence and founded a church within a church. And, sir, although your noble father had a difference, he went out and established another church, and so I hold to-night that the Salvation Army is Methodist, only a little more so. As a proof of this, I would like to know where you take your ideas of collections but from the Methodists; our meetings need not to be complete without one."

"Now I am glad to be here to-night, on this the occasion of the celebration of the General's Jubilee. I am sorry to say that when the General was here last, I did not have the opportunity of seeing him, but I have a friend with me—an Englishman—who knows your father well, and from all he says of your father, sir, I should judge that you are not only a chip of the old block, but

The Old Block Himself.



REV. MR. DINNOCH.

"Now, I rejoice at the work that has been raised through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army during these twenty-nine years."

I believe it is one thing to cut down the woods, and it is quite another thing to raise houses, hamlets and villages. Now, you have been clearing the forests, and it is time for you to start building up now. How can the Salvation Army organize as other churches have done? When they have swept over the country and gathered the outcasts in, is their work done? No, they have another work to do, which is as important as that, and that is to build up."

I am reminded of your work by the name of this celebration—Jubilee. That was the time when the slaves were set free, and thank God, through the instrumentality of the Salvation Army, thousands have been brought

From Slavery into Freedom.

Another thing that is characteristic of freedom, liberation of property, and though you may say you are poor, yet using the words of one of our old, I would say, "Poor, yet making many rich." For you have been instrumental in restoring lands, money, and everything to many who have lost everything but their lives."

Then I rejoice again because there is yet further progress and conquest for you to make. I was rather surprised to read the account of the deluge of our representative at Ottawa. Among other questions that came up there was the Bill of Mr.

Charleton for the better observance of the Lord's Day. This Bill was up before and failed to become law, but with the characteristic perseverance of a good Presbyterian, Mr. Charleton is bound to put it through, so he had it up the other evening. One of the opponents of the Bill said, "The confederation of our Province is a commercial confederation, and not a religious." And went on to say, "Are you going to make a Salvation Army of us? No," said he, "on behalf of Quebec I say we are not going to be made a Salvation Army of."

Now, what is the point of that, but that we will have almost anything, but we do not want an aggressive mode of Christianity."

This puts me in mind of a little story I read some time ago about the people that came across

in the "Mayflower."

A few years ago a teacher asked his scholars what the people came over for? Well, that of us who know the history of the Puritans, know that though they fled from persecution on the other side of the water, yet they could do a little of that kind of thing when they landed here. Well, said boys, "They came here to serve God in their own way and to make everybody else do the same." So now I think our friends down in the Province of Quebec are afraid that the Salvation Army are going to worship God in their own way, and make everybody else do the same."

And in closing, let me assure you that I heartily rejoice in your success."

We repeat that we cannot report the speech of Rev. Mr. Dinnoch, whose words were full of cordial brotherly-kindness and sympathy."

The only drawback was the absence of Mr. Booth, who was detained unavoidably at home, much to the regret of the expectant audience."

The fluttering too and fro of the "canaries" before they landed in the Commandant's hand, and the reading aloud by him of the many messages, and welcome gifts donated, caused a great deal of interest and amusement."

We still, however, need a considerable amount to complete the sum total. If it had not been for the generous hours of self-sacrificing toil put in by some of our soldiers we should be even more indebted."

Brigadier de Barritt lets you into the whole secret—page 9—in Open Letter.

The Temple Floral Service.

The Floral Festival which, in accordance with the Commandant's charming idea, was to be celebrated in honor of the General's Jubilee at every barracks throughout the Dominion, took place in the Toronto's Jubilee Hall on Monday, June 4th.

What could be more delightful than the result of this meeting—glowing with color and fragrant with the scent of flowers—SIX SOULS at the pedestal-furn!

Our old friend, Staff-Captain Jewer, was announced to lead.

Our faith ran high for a good time, and we were by no means disappointed. We had such a good time that it almost exceeded our highest expectations."

In our open-air meeting we had a real blessed time. Comrades fired some real Gospel truths, which we believe were sent home to the sinners' heart by the Spirit of God."

We then proceeded to our new Jubilee Hall believing for great things to be done for the Kingdom, and from the commencement to the finish, God was with us in power and blessing. The meeting opened with that old favorite song,

"The Lily of the Valley."

which went with a swing. Prayer followed by two or three comrades; a song from the WAR CRY; then a lively testimony meeting followed by Staff-Captain. Things were very lively for a time, especially when Mrs. Fanny Phillips sang a solo, with the chorus,

"We sure to finish well."

singing up with the Staff-Captain and Captain Edgewood having a lively dance, which greatly amused the people."

The music rendered by the band was very much appreciated by all, especially the selection."

The Staff-Captain then drew in the net, and thank God, we had the joy of seeing six souls at the Orem. We give God all the glory."

H. F.

Ontario Comrades should read the open letter from Brigadier de Barritt on page 9.

A SOCIAL DAIRY.

"The man who gives himself for other men can never be without joy, but yet he can never have unclouded sunshine."

Why is it that so many people, when in trouble or difficulty of any kind, instinctively turn to the Salvation Army for help, expecting them to unravel life's mysteries, make smooth the rough and crooked paths, in short, be all things to all men? Why? Because we have like our Master, voluntarily accepted the servant's place, and we love to be recognized as such."

This has been a very busy week. So many tales of sorrow and we have been poured into our ears, we could not stand the burden, and so we just cast it upon Him Who loves to bear our every care."

Our first visitor was a poor man just discharged from prison, where he had served a term of five years. Oh, what stories of sin he told us! Heart-rending tales of men dying behind the prison bars without God and without hope. He had like our Master, learned many valuable lessons (true, by a most bitter experience) and he is resolved to make the uprightness of the future life down the past disgrace. God help him! But why did he come to us? Because he was yearning for home, and rest. He was in writing to the wife whom he once so faithfully promised to love. Would we write to her? Yes, most gladly. The letter has been sent, and we are now awaiting an answer. God grant that it may be favorable one, and that once more the husband and wife may be happily united."

Someone has been patiently waiting to see a young girl dressed in heavy mourning. We do not recognize the face, but a few words of explanation are sufficient to recall the sad circumstances. Here, indeed, is a story of deepest sorrow: her trial seems to have completely crushed her, and she has lost interest in everything. There was seemingly so little we could do to help her in this time of great need. But we could point her to the love of the all-loving, all-forgiving One. We had a few words of prayer with her, and as she left she promised to call again and see us. This was only one of the hundreds of aching, bleeding hearts in this wide world of ours. Oh, that they only knew the love of Jesus! Will you carry the glorious message?

"So, then, no misses here?" Number three had rung the bell, and now stood on the threshold, vainly looking for some sister to whom to confide her needs. "Perhaps we would do," we ventured to suggest. What did she want? "I would like to be after getting a place as a kitchen maid. Although she was certainly well up in the fifties, she had tramped all the way in from the country, not even having the necessary car fare. We were indeed sorry we could not provide her with a situation; but, as we handed her a car ticket, she took the will for the deed, and with a hearty "God bless you, I know you would if you could," she once more started on what we trust would not prove a fruitless search."

It was just dinner time, and we had stolen behind the counter to have a peep at a newly-found treasure—a hungry man was waiting for his dinner. Certainly he must have had a healthy appetite, for this was his bill of fare: A large plate of steaming corn-bread and potatoes, two enormous slices of bread, a cup of coffee, and a piece of pie—a meal good enough for anyone. Our curiosity was aroused. "How much, Corporal (we asked), does such a meal cost?" "Ten cents," was the reply. Really, no. Yes, that was the price. Well, then, surely no one should be hungry, we were led to exclaim. Like one man to whom we were talking a few nights ago, "What would we do without the Salvation Army?"

But God forbid that we should ever be content with simply ministering to the temporal wants of these needy ones who daily seek our help."

We work for souls, and without souls we are dissatisfied. Our work has many discouragements. We need your prayers; may we have them."

Yours in Christ,

PRIVATE DETECTIVE.

Paris.—God has been with the comrades in power.—Captain Vincent, of the 10th, formerly a soldier of the corps, was promoted on Sunday last the night meeting. It was a lively time, with shouting and rejoicing."

Oshawa.—Most glorious meetings this week-end. God manifested His presence. One soul for sanctification. Soldiers cheered up. Great determination to press forward to provide in every heart. Sister Pallister travelled for the Training Garrison. Already some have stepped into the vanguard caused by our sister going into the work. Converts' faces glow. Largest march of our own people since coming here. We need only best quality, none other need apply.—Captain E. C. BAKER.

The last, and written in her mother's hand.

APRIL TWELVE.

"Dear girl—if we never meet in this world again, if you ever live you shall meet in a better land, where you will find me." Captain ABIE McKEAN.

The odds of the battle were all against our suffering sister. With the lengthening days the vital force ebbed rapidly away. All that could be done by the doctor's skill and her mother's hand to soothe and manage the violence enough and pain was done; while day by day each morning dawned a little brighter with

The Promise of Spring

is vain to the sinking girl. But never a word of questioning or arguing broke against the Lord, although she longed to live. She was young, and her life had been sweet and full of interest; was a falling soul, whose spiritual steps she longed to guide, many a sister to be warned, many a comrade to be cheered; oh, yes, she would like to get better. So she hoped and planned how when the summer came once more she would be off to Muskoka, and float again amongst the bobbing water lilies. At last the heat of the winter was broken, the familiar trees began to swell and burst with buds of promise in the strengthening warmth of the sun's rays; but Abbie was dying. Then the windows were thrown open, and all the hum of happy life came floating in; the subdued sounds of the distant street, the song of birds, the shout of the children at play.

The flowering shrubs began to blaze with color. Within her room it seemed a very lover of fragrant blossoms, with the garlands and wreaths, brought by friends, and especially by Mrs. Booth, on her much-pined visits to the sick-bed. The Commandant came too, with many words of comfort.

From earth's sounds began to fade; her hearing failed; her sight grew dim. Still it was Jesus, Jesus.

"I can do nothing but trust now," she said, "I'm too tired to pray."

Oh, that long

Agony of Exhaustion

while we suffered in sympathy with her! The agonies pain, the craving for rest!

"Death would be almost better than this! Death, wouldn't it?" suggested her mother one day as she lay gasping for breath.

"No!" she said, gently.

"What then, dear?"

"Thy will be done," was the quiet answer of assurance. Just the will of the Lord to go or stay. But still the petition, "Come, Jesus; come, Jesus," breathed from parched lips, and a closing throat.

Then at last the midnight summons.

"She has called at the stairs," "Come quick," "She's coming!"

Then hurried footsteps to and fro, and the mother's heart-wrung sob, "My child, my child!"

So Abbie was safe in heaven, whilst we, her comrades, were left to fight and toil on still.

The Death-angel had knocked at our chamber—"in the still watch of the night;" but her spirit had passed "to the realms of delight." We trembled, wondering would we be ready, too, when our time comes? Who, after all, is the Death-angel? We but Jesus? Oh, yes, then it is the Lord.

Jesus, With Pierced Hands,

the Man of Sorrows, we SHALL be ready when He comes, for have we not loved Him with our whole heart's affection? and have we not given all our days, and all our years for love of Him? Oh, yes; "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

A strange peace filled the Home of Rest, for the silence of death had no terror in it—the grave, no victory!

The midnight vanished into morning; with the first faint dawn, the sweet rain began to fall on the lovely luxury of foliage, and we awoke again to consciousness of the precious needs of a dying world of men around us still.

Most impressive was the Toronto funeral service of our dear comrade, Capt. McKEAN. A good crowd gathered in the Temple and listened solemnly as one after another spoke of her devotion and faithfulness.

"Now, just a word from her mother," said the Commandant, and the dear mother did her best, and spoke of the comfort Abbie has always been to her, and especially after being so long. She touched every heart as she promised to meet us all in the morning.

Mrs. Booth sang a verse of the beautiful song, "Good-night." Said the Commandant, looking on the white face in the coffin,

GREAT MEN ON GREAT MATTERS.

TEMPER.

BY PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S.

The peculiarity of ill temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men who are all but perfect, and women who would be entirely perfect, but for an easily ruffled, quick-tempered, or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics. The truth is there are two great classes of sins—sins of the body, and sins of the disposition. The prodigal sin may be taken as a type of the first, the elder brother of the second. Now society has no doubts whatever as to which of these is the worse. Its brand falls, without a challenge, upon the prodigal. But are we right? We have no balance to weigh one another's sins, and coarser and finer are but human words; but faults in the higher nature may be less venial than those in the lower, and to the eye of Him who is Love, a sin against Love may seem a hundred times more base. No form of vice, no worldliness, not greed of gold, not drunkenness itself, does more to un-Christianise society than evil temper. For embittering life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom off childhood, in short, for sheer gratuitous misery-producing power, this influence stands alone. Look at the elder brother, moral, hard-working, patient, dutiful—let him get all credit for his virtues—look at this man, this baby, sulking outside his own father's door. "He was angry," we read, "and would not go in." Look at the effect upon the father, upon the servants, upon the happiness of the guests. Judge of the effect upon the prodigal—and how many prodigals are kept out of the Kingdom of God by the unlovely characters of those who profess to be inside! Analyse, as a study in temper, the thunder-cloud itself as it gathers upon the elder brother's brow. What is it made of? Jealousy, anger, pride, uncharity, cruelty, self-righteousness, touchiness, doggedness, silliness—these are the ingredients of this dark and loveless soul. In varying proportions, also, these are the ingredients of all ill temper. Judge if such sins of the disposition are not worse to live in, and for others to live with, than sins of the body. Did Christ indeed not answer the question Himself when He said, "I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of Heaven before you." There is really no place in Heaven for a disposition like this. A man with such a mood could only make Heaven miserable for all the people in it. Except, therefore, such a man be born again, he cannot, he simply cannot, enter the Kingdom of Heaven. For it is perfectly certain—and you will not misunderstand me—that to enter Heaven a man must take it with him.

You will see then why temper is significant. It is not in what it is alone, but in what it reveals. This is why I take the liberty now of speaking of it with such unusual plainness. It is a test for love, a symptom, a revelation of an unloving nature at bottom. It is the intermittent fever which bespeaks unintermittent disease within; the occasional bubble escaping to the surface which betrays sour rottenness underneath; a sample of the most hidden products of the soul dropped involuntarily when off one's guard; in a word, the lightning form of a hundred hideous and un-Christian sins. For a want of patience, a want of kindness, a want of generosity, a want of courtesy, a want of unselfishness, are all instantaneously symbolised in one flash of temper.

Hence it is not enough to deal with the temper. We must go to the source and change the inmost nature, and the angry humors will die away of themselves. Souls are made sweet not by taking the acid fluids out, but by putting something in—a great Love, a new Spirit, the Spirit of Christ. Christ, the Spirit of Christ, interpenetrating ours, sweetens, purifies, transforms all. This only can eradicate what is wrong, work a chemical change, renovate and regenerate, and rehabilitate the inner man. Will-power does not change men, Time does not change men. Christ does. Therefore, "Let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

"It seems as if she had reserved her sweetest smile till the last farewell." Then Mrs. Booth sang the chorus:

"Victory, Victory,
Through the blood of the Lamb that was slain,
Victory, Victory,
We shall meet in the morning to reign."

The march to the station was very impressive. Large crowds looked on the guncarriage with the greatest interest, and we believe many were led to think of the time when they, too, would be called to account. Hallelujah!

The Memorial Service of Captain Abbie McKean, of Collingwood.

(Collingwood Bulletin.)

On Wednesday, May 10th, Captain Abbie McKean, daughter of the late Andrew McKean, died in Toronto. It had been for some time in delicate health, and her end was not altogether unexpected. For some months and she has been in charge of the Army by whom they were buried on Saturday afternoon in the Presbyterian cemetery. The deceased was well known here as a young woman of exemplary life and character, and her untimely death is deeply mourned by relatives and friends.

"Captain McKean died last night," was the message flashed through the telegraph wires to Fort Perry, where the Brigadier was visiting. Just before leaving Toronto he wished what both felt would be a last "Good-bye."

In a few hours Brigadier de Burritt was in Toronto, just in time to be present at the service conducted by the Commandant and Mrs. Booth in the Temple. After that meeting, and procession to the depot, he, the Brigadier, the Commandant, Mrs. Booth, and the Brigadier took the train to Collingwood, at which corps our departed comrade was a soldier.

It was a long and slow ride, but God wonderfully helped the weary comrade, and how he lay so nobly. God comfort her!

Ensign Macdonald, with his officers and soldiers, was waiting in the station, and many tears were shed as the coffin was slowly lowered to the hearse that was waiting to take her home. There the broken-hearted relatives gathered round to see all that was left to them of the dear Captain. At 2 o'clock a memorial service was conducted by the Brigadier, Ensigns Langtry and Macdonald, and the officers were held in the barracks.

The building was well filled although it was in the middle of the day. The crowd gathered and waited the arrival of the coffin and party. Just as 1 o'clock had chimed the cortège reached the door. Walking towards the door slowly reading the funeral service the Brigadier read the very impressive service and returned at the back of the coffin again to the front. After prayer Ensign Langtry gave an address that brought tears and conviction to many an eye and heart. The Wesleyan minister followed and then the Brigadier poured out his soul on the people.

Quietly and silently and very orderly the great crowd slowly passed the coffin to gaze for the last time on the face of our departed soldier saint. Again the Brigadier read slowly to the whole as the whole congregation rose to their feet, the coffin was slowly and sadly brought out and in few minutes the procession was on its way to the cemetery. There a short service was held, and we thus laid to rest one of the best and truest that God has given the Salvation Army in this country. Ensign Macdonald and his soldiers were kind to himself, and we believe that in death as in

life, dear Captain McKean has brought glory to God and salvation to poor sinners. Hastening to the depot the Brigadier left for Whitby for the Sunday's meetings. Mrs. Ensign Langtry kindly stayed behind to assist in Sunday's meetings.

Memorial Service.

The Memorial service of Captain Abbie McKean was held in the barracks Sunday evening. Although it had rained all day, there was a good crowd when it was time to commence the meeting. We all went in to make the best of the service, and God came and helped us.

One after another of the soldiers, who had been acquainted with our comrade, told of the blessing she had been to them, and also made an appeal to the unaved to get ready and meet her in heaven. Mrs. Ensign Langtry, of the Home of Rest, Toronto, spoke at length of the blessed influence her life was, and of her self-sacrifice and devotion to the war, and I believe numbers were made to feel the need of being right with God and working while it is called day.

All the comrades have pledged themselves more than ever to fight for God and do their utmost to save the perishing souls. May God bless and comfort all the bereaved ones.

Ensign D. Macdonald.

Death of Comrade Mrs. Bovard, OF THE MONCTON CORPS.

"I Have No Fear, Jesus is Precious."

We have realized this past week the truth of the words, "In the midst of life we are in death." Our comrade, Mrs. Bovard, has gone to be with Jesus. She had been in poor health for some time, but was confined to her bed just one week before she died. Her bodily weakness prevented her from taking an active part in the corps, but her life spoke loudly of "The peace that passeth all understanding," and a calm perfect trust in the Saviour.

We visited her almost every day during her last illness, and were at her bedside when death came. The suffering at times was very severe, but she never murmured. "I have no fear, Jesus is precious," were her words, and when, before she passed away, her husband (who is Sergeant-Major of the corps) repeated the words, "Yes, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," she finished the verse, saying, "I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

We gave her a real Army funeral, Ensign Creighton leading the service, which was solemn and impressive.

God came very near in the memorial service on Sunday night. Deep conviction rested upon the people, and three souls sought and found the Saviour. Hallelujah!

God is wonderfully strengthening and upholding Brother Bovard in this sad trial. May every comrade in the corps be true, and meet our departed sister "in the morning." L. DES BREAUX, Ensign.

Invitation to Sinners.

BY MRS. MAJOR READ.

TYNE—Come, oh, come with me, where love is burning.

(Written on the train.)

At the Cross of Calvary all are welcome, Welcome, by the Christ Who bought our ransom; Ransom, free to all who seek for pardon, Come, poor soul, and taste and see.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, I come now to Jesus!
Hallelujah, hallelujah, I will not delay!
Hallelujah, hallelujah, I trust now His mercy!
Hallelujah, hallelujah, He turns none away!

Has the world failed to bring satisfaction? Have its brightest dreams proved all a delusion? Disappointment, fear, and sorrow your portion!

Come to Jesus, He satisfies.

Come, poor weary heart, oh, come now to Jesus,

With your load of sin, from all He frees you;

Let His precious love your fears overcome, Come, and He will save your soul.

NEXT WEEK'S "WAR CRY."

GREAT MEN ON GREAT MATTERS.

A magnificent talk on HUMAN DEPRIVITY, by Rev. Wm. Arthur.
Commissioner T. B. Coombs tells How He GOT THE BLASTING.
Mrs. Major Read delivers a thrilling address

ON REALITY, from the "WAR CRY" PLAN.

Professor Mudd, F.L.S., the Army's botanical expert for Australia, writes on THE SURVIVAL OF THE Fittest.
POOR FALLING OUT. Song by Major Compain.
BURNING CORPS HISTORY, by Capt. Jessie Thistle.

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- 16-THE GREAT CONGRESS.
LET US BEGIN.

Territorial Headquarters.

NOON, 7TH JUNE, 1894.

The Commandant arrived at Union Depot seven a.m. Friday last from his trip East. He was a deal exhausted, having travelled 3,000 miles during the few previous days, and being too much occupied with business matters to be able to retire to rest before about three a.m. each day. Will comrades pray that he may be sustained in his arduous toil.

The Commandant, on the evening of the day on which he arrived from the East, opened the new Jubilee Hall at Toronto. The exquisite hall was crowded to excess, and the meeting was a magnificent triumph. The President of the Methodist Conference, Dr. Thomas, of the First Baptist Church, Toronto, and others made most eulogistic speeches, and indeed the Commandant, in a speech of over an hour's duration, completely exalted all past efforts, which Dr. Thomas described as the most eloquent and enthusiastic flow of good, sound common sense he had listened to for some time.

The Commandant did a "dum" at the new Halifax Shelter and found it all right, but as he did not retire till three a.m. and had to rise at 5:30, he could not report on the effect of the whole night on the Shelter bed.

Brigadier Holland, A. D. O., conducted successful meetings at the Temple on Sunday. He was assisted in the evening by Staff-Captain Streton.

The Commandant's A. D. O. has gone to London, Ont., to complete the purchase of the London property and to make the necessary arrangements for the commencement of Social operations there.

The General's arrival in Canada is now definitely fixed for September. At that time the Maritime Provinces will be painted red with Salvationism. Big naval receptions will probably be accorded the General at Halifax, St. John, and Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Rescue and Women's Social Department.

Mrs. Booth is almost swallowed up in the arrangements for the Training and Rescue Departments at the coming Councils. The preparations are under her immediate personal oversight. Each Home is to have a distinctive uniform, and the charming yet simple effect of the drapery will be the result of her own dainty taste and close attention.

Ensign Cowan, we regret to say, on account of ill health, is resting at the Home of Rest.

Ensign Stewart, of Montreal Rescue Home, is transferred to Toronto. She is responsible, under Mrs. Booth, for the financial oversight of the Women's Shelter.

The Rescue Home needles are flying and sewing machines all on a whirl of excitement. At the Women's Shelter the same story is being repeated, for, of course, each Home must supply its own costume. Clouds of pale blue and white material, and the sound of snipping scissors, are to the front of the program.

Ensigns are aloof with respect to the Children's Shelter, that the tiny inmates will be transformed into typical short-sleeved, white-soled, red-trimmed cherubs at the big meetings.

Men's Social Department.

Staff-Captain Bennett and Adjutant McMillan are putting herculean efforts into the Social Farm. They are working for Jesus with hammer and saw, and hustling generally.

The Coal and Wood trade at the Lifeboat stand, corner Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street, is still full swing, and steadily increasing.

The Lifeboat interior is looking a pink of a place since the magic touch of the renovator has been upon it. The men are now engaged on the exterior.

Property and Finance Department.

Staff-Captain Streton accompanied Brigadier de Baritz to Orillia, and met the Corps respecting the building scheme. It was a very satisfactory sitting, and the new hall is being proceeded with. Orillia will have one of the nicest barracks and headquarters in the Dominion. Captain Heit heavily effort in the cause.

Captains Locke and Rook have been busy lately in renovating Headquarters offices, and have effected a great improvement in the general appearance of the historic place.

The Provincial Officers.

Congress, Congress, Congress is the lay note of all at Headquarters now. Brigadier de Baritz and the P. O's, generally are making things hum. Brigadier de Baritz is having a special train for the convenience of Kingston, Belleville, and Napanee friends. This train will be good for Ganoune, Odessa, Sunbury, Platon, Bloomfield, and Trenton also.

Note the Open Letter—page 9.

THE LATEST UP TO DATE.

101 Queen Victoria Street, London, June 7th.—Jubilee is all the go here. The Jubilee current is rising swelling, and bids fair to speedily sweep the Army on to the greatest victory of record.

Rev. H. Arnold Thomas, M.A., pastor of Highbury Congregational Church, Bristol, congratulates the General on his Jubilee.

Mr. John Cox, of Travancore, congratulates the General, and donates 1,000 rupees towards Jubilee Fund.

Congratulations also from many of the friends; among whom are Francis H. Mackenzie, Esq., of Belgrade, Serbia, and John A. Cockburn, Esq., Minister of Education, Adelaide, South Australia.

The General had conducted a splendid Whiteantide Campaign in Belgium. Sixty-six seekers, many of them for pardon.

The Chief of the Staff, assisted by Colonels Pollard and Rees, visited Halifax. 110 seekers, pardon and purity.

Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Tucker and Colonel Lacy Booth conducted campaigning in Holland. Many seekers for pardon and purity, among them the daughter of a barones.

Jubilee campaign for candidates is full swing. The Chief of the Staff commenced some at Birmingham. 140 were interviewed, one-third accepted. Over 100 arrived in London for training during June.

Field Commissioner Eva Booth, London's chief officer, conducted brilliant attack at the Rink, Regent Circus. Glorious victory achieved; 120 penitents.

Commissioner Coombs and the Australian Crystal Palace party have arrived in England. The Commissioner reports the Australian Wing of the Army to be winning victory on victory.

Many souls are being saved and sanctified in a revival which is in progress in the East of England. Major Condy, Spiritual Special, leading on.

Rue Auber, Paris, June 7th.—The Marchale visited Havre 22d. Rouen has been attacked by the French troops on behalf of King Jesus. Captain Gertoch has been imprisoned in Switzerland for holding meetings after 9 p. m.

Capetown, South Africa, June 7th.—Lieutenant Pepper, of the Salvation Army, son of Colonel Pepper, of the British Army, has arrived here from England. He is seeking to recruit in health.

Commissioner Estill has concluded a great Congress at Capetown, which, for unity and salvation spirit, has not been excelled in the annals of the Army in South Africa.

The notorious Ensign McKay Hayman has faredwell from the territory. Captain and Mrs. Mahon have faredwell from Oudtshoorn for Zulu work.

112 Orange Street, Kingston, Jamaica, June 7th.—Captain Wm. Bainbridge is promoted to the rank of Ensign, and appointed A. D. O. Major Rolfe, the chief officer for Jamaica.

In Major Emmanuel Rolfe's just completed month's tour, 376 persons publicly sought pardon, and thirty-three full salvation.

Jamaica will celebrate the General's Jubilee with a special three months' campaign, including an effort for soldiers, candidates, and a double circulation of the WAR CRY.



TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, June 7, 1894.

OUR LIVING NOW.

"Now's the day and now's the hour."

We live in a history-making epoch. Not a second is being lost in making the now renowned Fifty Jubilee Schemes into accomplished verities; and foremost amongst the workers to that end is the Commandant, whose appetite for flying round, working late, and general hustling, is perfectly gluttonous. Last week we gave our readers some account of Scheme No. 10—the Social Farm—now in full swing. This week we introduce to their sympathetic notice two more fully accomplished schemes, both vitally important to the cause of God and His Army.

SCHEME 11.

The first of these two schemes in order of time is the Shelter and cheap Food Resort for men at Halifax. In that city, whose assured gigantic future the Commandant has pointed out in his Jubilee Program, the Army has hoisted her blood-and-fire flag right on the edge of the morass into which men slip as much in this new world as in the congested centres of the old land to despair and death. All hail to the working man of Nazareth, who, in the form of the red-shirted Salvationist of the nineteenth century, still breaks bread in the wilderness, and cries to the wandering men of men, "Come unto me."

HALIFAX.

We are glad to note the presence of so many of the leading citizens of that important city at the Shelter's opening. Floated off under the hearty good-wishes and practical sympathy of the benevolent citizens of Halifax; worked by a staff of men whose hearts are in their work; with the evident good wishes of those up to date journals, the *Morning Herald* and *Evening Mail*; and best of all, with the blessing of the Almighty and loving Father above, we may expect the Halifax Shelter to develop into one of the most flourishing of our Social ventures.

A good many more dollars are needed to wipe up the deficit left, but Brigadier Jacobs and his colleagues have such abundant faith in God and the philan-

thropic public of Halifax that they declare it is as good as done. Prosperity to Halifax.

SCHEME 9.

Not less important to our progress in the Queen City was the fulfilment of Scheme 9. An apparently magic transformation has been effected. That gloomy, subterranean warren which once served us for the majority of meetings, has been excavated, lighted, sheeted with oak and ash, galleried, seated with chairs, and otherwise so remodelled that one wonders how it has all come about. However, there it is, and already the altar-rail has been consecrated by the presence of a number of seekers after Christ and His salvation.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH.

The opening of the Jubilee Hall is a distinct epoch in our history in Toronto. The happy surroundings and packed hall evidently added fuel to the fire of enthusiasm burning in the heart of the Commandant. His address of over an hour's duration, is generally admitted to have excelled anything previously heard from his lips. Dr. Thomas characterized it as the most eloquent flow of good sound enthusiastic common sense he had listened to for a long time. The Rev. Dr. Parker, who, as President of the Methodist conference, declared he represented the whole Methodist Church by sympathy, paid the Army the highest compliment possible to him when he declared the Salvation Army to be Methodist, only "a little more so."

CONGRESS WEEK.

Once again we beg the earnest prayers of all who love the Lord on behalf of our great Congress. A tremendous amount of effort will be put forth. To make that effort fully successful it is necessary that comrades come up in the Spirit of prayer with an inward assurance of victory. Specially it is asked that intercession be made for those who have the chief responsibility of the meetings upon them. "He is able to do for us exceedingly and abundantly above all that we ask or think."

In the life of Captain McKean, where her mother speaks of losing three children, it should have read "within eight months," not "three" months.

Do you want directions for a cheap trip to Toronto? See Open Letter—page 9.

... ..



ENSIGN ARMSTRONG,
ONE OF OUR SCOUTS, WOMEN WARRIORS.

Feverham.—Just had a visit from Adjutant Manton. Good meetings, and four recruits turned into blood-and-fire soldiers. Things are in a prosperous condition, for God leads the way.—Captain N. GREEN.

Stratford.—Lieutenant Davidson called in at the Editorial Office and reports first-rate meetings on Sunday last. FOUR RECRUITS for pardon, one of whom was an ex-officer. God bless that ex-officer.—En.

Niagara Falls.—Jubilee number of War Cry sold well here. Although very wet day, I managed to sell all my Crys.—H. H. Hallowell. I love to hear the Cry as it is always such a blessing to my own soul. God bless you. Yours to push the Cry.—Lieutenant FRED. YOUNG.

Bridgewater, N.S.—Praise God, we are not discouraged, although the fight is very hard at present. We had with us on May 24th and 25th, Captain Wightman, and Lieutenant Hutt, with his aeroplane, from Lunenburg. Good meetings; no souls.—FRANK BARN, for Captain LARSEN.

Norwich.—Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree. God is giving us results of our labor out of apparently very stony ground. While the devil is raging God is saving. We can report THREE souls. All to the glory of God.—Lieutenant BENTLEY for Captain McPHERSON.

Clark's Harbor, N.S.—Five months ago orders came to open fire on Clark's Harbor; orders have come again to leave for Yarmouth. We have Clark's Harbor with 400 forty blood-and-fire soldiers and sixty Junior soldiers, and have got a piece of land to build a barracks, which is already being started. To God be all the glory.—Captain CUNY.

Dartmouth, N.S.—Since last report, God has given us victory all along. Sunday evening two of our comrades said good-bye to the Training Garrison, and before the meeting closed, TWO SINNERS said good-bye to their old master, the devil, came forward and cast in their lot with the people of God. Hallelujah.—Captain D. PELLEY.

Peterboro'.—Lakeland comrades held their ninth annual meeting on May 29th. A great banquet and a real Salvation meeting at night took place. People turned out well. We had a beautiful march and an open-air meeting in front of one of the hotels, but though the devil worked, God's people got the victory. A couple of the well-known young ladies of Peterboro' joined in our march and helped us in the open-air. Then to the barracks, where Professors Potts and Daniels gave charming addresses. The red man of Lakeland joined, and we had an enjoyable time. The meeting was conducted by Captain E. Cameron, assisted by Sergeant Foy, of Peterboro' corps.—A SOLDIER.

Forest.—We are rejoicing this morning in an all-conquering God. The devil has been trying very hard to defeat the Army of the Living God, but we have proved again that He who is for us is more than all that can be against us. One man, who has been fighting against the Spirit of God for eight years, has at last surrendered and taken his stand for God, and is having victory.

Sunday morning we had the joy of pointing ONE old man, eighty-six years of age, to the Lamb of God, which takes away the sins of the world, and now he is shouting victory. We are going in for greater things, believing that this is just the dropping of the shower. Captains J. STOUT and T. OULIVE.

Riverside.—A Musical Bazaar swept through this place last Thursday night. Staff-Captain Jewer, the famous Life-Guards Band from the Temple, and several other wonderful musicians present. A good time

was experienced. Rain was pouring down outside, and about the middle of the meeting it began to rain inside, only instead of water falling around us it was the money, and for a few minutes the money fell thick and fast. After a good lively musical meeting, we went in for a red-hot prayer meeting. We closed with ONE IN THE FOUNTAIN. Sunday, God was with us, yea, He was with us, convicted, but some would yield. Still we don't feel like giving in, but rather like going forward.—Obedt SAMUEL KENDRICK.

Montreal I. is still fighting. After a couple of months' rest, Ensign McLean has returned strengthened and full of faith; he has taken God for his healer. HEEZ GOD.

Last Monday, we had a welcome meeting in the shape of a trades' union demonstration and ice cream social. Staff-Captain Shaw was with us. The crowd, considering the weather, was good. A fair share of trades—something like twenty-five—made it lively.

We altogether are encouraged to fight and see the dying masses brought to the foot of Jesus' cross and sent to our battle-cry, and next time you hear from us, we trust to be able to report many victories. There are great schemes afoot from Montreal I. Hallelujah! God bless Ensign, wife, and baby. Everyone fire a volley.—Lieutenant G. HOLLYMAN.

St. John V., N.B.—God has blessed our work in the past few weeks; SOULS have sought Christ. We have felt God's glory in our souls, and we know He will help us in the coming trials. Captain and his wife and Glory Cadette from H.M.S. Mohant, have favoured from us, and gone to Fredericton, in charge of the Training Garrison there.

In our open-air, Captain Byrne, with his soldiers, and with our hallday's mare-drummer, Sergeant Major Wiley, marched, while the crowd followed. Returning to our barracks for the meeting, which was a grand success, though somewhat with the parting of our officers. In the morning, a number of soldiers went to the boat to see them off, and the boat was leaving the wharf, they sang:

"God be with you till we meet again."

We will miss them much, but we pray our God will be their guide. We have one thing to cheer us on that, while we are true to God He will never favour from us. We pray will bless our new leader, and inspire her from on high, and we will be able to proclaim Christ with pure hearts.—A. J., Candidate.

St. Catharines District.—We have just had a visit from Major Cumplin and Staff-Captain Streteon. This was on the 24th of May. It was rather rainy, but we did enjoy their visit to our town.

Music and singing, lots of it; and best of all, lots of conviction in the meeting. It was full of interest, and the people will come to see you, Major, and Staff-Captain, if you come again. Keep watching the mail, and I shall drop you a note, telling you when the starbushes are ripe, and we shall try and get some of the three sinners saved at the same time. We are on the rim, I believe.

Last Sunday, Sergeant McClelland and wife favoured for the Training Home, and being good faithful soldiers, the latter some ten years in the corps as a soldier. We were sure to know them, and we do feel its worth their departure.

Mrs. Arkett, little Arkett, and myself held special meetings at Welland. The little A.—stood the spellbinding very good. He did not think much of the train when it stopped, and would give vent to his feelings, as we as the train moved, it pleased him. This is the spirit of a warrior. Lord make him a warrior for the Kingdom.

The meetings were good. Captain Weaver was on hand, and did good work. The open-air was good. After telling all day Sunday, no one would surrender.

On Monday, the order was banquet at six p.m., and the people did it up first-rate. The finest of cake and pie I ever saw; abundance of food. And after the first supper was over, Mrs. Arkett gave her nine years' experience as a Salvation Army officer. Her battles and victories, and especially the victory up to date.

On Tuesday, Mrs. A.—returned to St. Kitt's to take a soldiers' meeting, and I went to Port Colborne. This is the home of En-

sign Hills. We had a meeting in the Methodist Church, and a good one it was. Ensign gave a little of her experience, and at the close, a sister desired to get right, we pray by this time she has fully surrendered.—GEO. L. ARKETT, Ensign.

Carberry District.—We have had a visit from our new Provincial Secretary, Major and Mrs. Read. God was with them and made them a great blessing to the district. At Carberry the people seemed delighted. The meetings were well attended. The friends and soldiers were very kind, and everybody seemed pleased.

Ensign next on the list. Captain Bailey and soldiers met the Major at the train at 11:30 p.m. The Major in his own original style did a great deal towards getting everybody interested and to work in the meetings. The first open-air enrolment was conducted. A good crowd gathered, and everybody seemed pleased. A collection was taken, which was responded to fairly well by the people.

The results of Mrs. Read's interviews and addresses have been that \$50 has been granted by Brandon Town Council for the support of the Home.

The meetings at Rapid City were good. Major Read inspected a proposed site for new barracks, and made some arrangements in connection with raising the necessary funds to build. The soldiers and friends at Rapid City were very kind. I am sure the Major and Mrs. Read will not soon forget their hospitality and love.

A rather slow trip brought the Major and Mrs. Read to Neepawa. Candidate-Captain Westcott had done his best to have good arrangements made. The meetings were of a very interesting character, and much good was done.

The soldiers and officers all round the district will not forget this visit. Many of them will look back upon it as a time when they first learned to sing solos and do many equally interesting and profitable things in a public meeting.

Adjutant MAGN.

Central District. Nfld., Brigade-Captain Freeman.—On Saturday we left for our new district, and as we are going among new people, we determine to be a blessing to all we meet.

Our first stopping place is Broad Cove, and then four miles of a drive we are at Dillzo (a new opening), where we met Captain Bradbury and Lieutenant Legge doing their best to bring the lost to Jesus. We spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday here. On Saturday evening we had a very nice time with as many present as we could store into the small little barracks.

On Sunday morning we commenced at 7 a.m., with sixty-nine present to wait on God for power to enable us to fight and win souls for Him that day. God came very near, and blessed us. So we go forward with renewed vigor. In the morning holiness meeting God revealed Himself to quite a number, and when we drew in the net one came for pardon and four for cleansing. We finished with a wind-up, and the new chorus,

"He brought me out of darkness into light."

In the afternoon we marched from our barracks to the lodge used by the Reformed Church people. When we got there there was a large crowd. Oh, didn't these comrades dance and sing and pray, and before we closed we could rejoice over four precious souls. Back again to our little barracks for the night meeting, and it is so small that only a few unwarmed people can get in, but we came a good time all the same, with one sister coming to Jesus.

One more meeting at this place, and this one is to be a special one, when we enrolled twelve more under the flag. We drew the meeting to a close with four more finding peace.

The comrades are building a new barracks, and I expect when they get far play to work that a great lot of good will be done.

The next corps in our district is HART'S CORPUS, where we arrived on the following Saturday. We had a very good day here, finishing at 12 o'clock with one poor backslider in the fountain. We went to our homes feeling very tired in body, but rejoicing over the victory of the day. Next night, a special time speaking on the Army work. So we commenced with a rousing march, then we

returned to our barracks, and we spent a very nice time indeed. We also arranged with the comrades to get our burying ground fixed up. The next morning we visited the officers' corps, and drove six miles to SULLY CORPUS, where we met Captain England and Lieutenant Oak. Here there are a lot of blood-and-fire soldiers. Our first meeting was a very nice time. The comrades here believe in lots of life and go. We announced the meeting the next night to be a very special time, and at 7:15 we turned out for a march. For long we had quite a crowd, who enjoyed themselves. After the public meeting was over, we had a Soldiers' Council, and the Lord did indeed come very near.

The next corps to visit is HART'S HARBOR, a distance of six miles. Arrangements were made to start early the next morning. Although it was very wet, yet we had to go on to our appointment. We had quite a time getting there through all the break-downs. Captain Mercer is still the same. This is to be the District Headquarters for the present time. Our first meeting was a proper time. The Lord came very near.

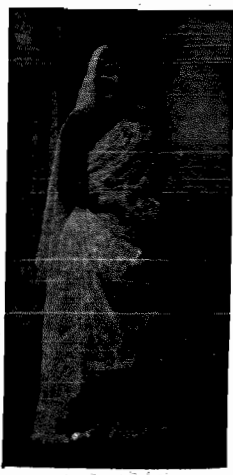
On Friday night we had a holiness meeting, and everyone present gave us to understand that God had full control of their life. The soldiers of this corps are a proper lot; they know how to take hold of God in prayer.

PERLICKAN is the next place to be visited, and on Saturday I started off to walk fifteen miles. At this time it is very poor walking, nevertheless I pushed my way along.

At SEAL COVE I met Sergeant J. Butler, who is holding the fort here, and he told me that he had nineteen or more saved the winter. Go ahead, Sergeant, it is better on before.

The next stopping place is at Mr. James Strong's, seven miles from Perlickan. Had something to eat here, and prayed with them, and left a War Cry. Then off for Portlans. This is a new opening, and Captain Campbell has had some blessed victories here. She is small but tough, and apparently the comrades don't want to lose their Captain yet. We spent three days here. We pray that our visit was made a blessing to the dear people. We had a meeting at SEAL COVE coming back, and quite a crowd gathered in the old house, and we closed praising God for all His goodness. Hallelujah!

"SHADOWS!"



The word "shadow," has several definitions given to it in the dictionary. Some of them are in the nominative case—a faint representation, a type, protection. The verb, to do, to cloud, to protect, etc.

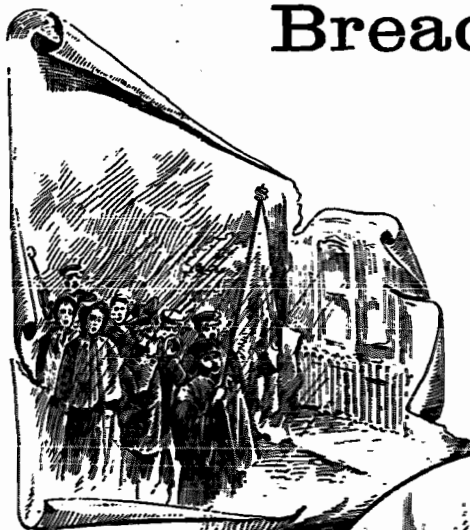
In Acts v. 15, we read, "Inasmuch that they brought forth the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by might overshadow some of them," and the latter part of the 16th verse says, "and they were healed every one."

Bread on the Waters.

W. RITCHIE, Kingston

"Tis wet to-night," the Sergeant said,
 "And the streets are muddy and chill,
 But we will go out for an open-air,
 So come along, all who will."
 Then out in the damp and chill of the night
 They went with the message of truth,
 And sang out the story of peace and love—
 Salvation for aged and youth.

Inside a room the gas-light fell
 On a saint on the shores of time,
 Struggling with doubts that darkened life's eve,
 When it ought to be clear and fine,
 When, hark! 'midst the patter of
 rain without,
 And the roar of the storm-
 king's waves,
 The gentle voice of a singer was
 heard,
 "To the uttermost Jesus saves."



The face of the saint lit up
 with hope,
 Her faith was renewed
 again,
 And the doubts that darkened
 the close of her life
 Were lost in the heavenly
 strain.

With new-born faith she entered the tide
 That rolls from the shores below,
 And feeling its waters around her rise,
 She shouted, "I'm saved, I know."

The march returned to the hall again,
 Contented the seed to sow
 In faith and trust, but asking the Lord
 To water and make it grow.
 How often the efforts we make for His cause
 May seem but of small avail,
 But the good that we do in our labors of love.
 The judgment alone will reveal.



Why was there such virtue in even Peter's Shadow?

I believe it was because it was a type of the shadow of Christ. Who's shadow healed many. But as to the definition of the verb, to shadow; even the one, to protect, comes far short, for there was much more than protection in Peter's shadow—there was healing.

Some five years ago, while in charge of Campolo, Caylen, one afternoon while lying down resting, my attention was drawn to the shadows on the wall. I noticed that some, instead of falling as a dark cloud upon the wall, were as a ray of light. I wondered what was the cause, and I got up and went to the door to find out. It was soon explained. Those passing by, dressed in colored clothes, cast a dark shadow, and those dressed in pure white, cast the reflection as the ray of light. Immediately this fifteenth verse of the fifth of Acts, flashed through my mind, and I thought it was because Peter was clothed in the pure robes of

Christ's Righteousness.

that his shadow possessed such virtue. We also, my comrades, cast forth our

shadow by the way. Let us ask ourselves the question, "Does the shadow of my spiritual life fall as a dark cloud, or as a ray of light upon those around me?" If we are clothed in the pure robes of Christ's righteousness it will be as the latter and for the healing, not of bodies, but of precious souls.

There is not another verse in the whole of God's Word which should be more encouraging to the backslider than this. If you are willing to repent of your backsliding, and come back and obey God, He is ready to take you back, baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and use you even as He did Peter. Come back to Him at once, and let Him cleanse you, and put on you these pure robes, and your shadow will then be as a ray of light, to lighten souls to the Cross.

Thank God, no instrument is too lowly for Him to use, if it is clean. JAYAWANT.

PIONEER officers for Gibraltar, Malta, Port Said, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Java, and Japan have been appointed.—*Pacific Coast Cry.*

MAJOR MARTON has been appointed as successor to Colonel Eadie in the command of the Liverpool Province.

AT HOME.

In our native land among our kindred, we are at home, having been born and lived together.

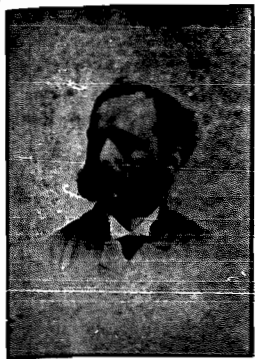
Now, Christians who are born from above, feel they are but pilgrims on earth; by the spiritual birth they have become heirs of heaven. Now, this is the native air they long for; its inhabitants are of their language and race. They are laying up treasure there, and their aim is to reach this land they love, and while on their journey, to encourage their friends and neighbors to accompany them for Christians, if like their great pattern—Christ—are unselfish living to do good, following in the Master's footsteps. Christ's invitation was, "Follow Me." So if we are following Him, we must pass on the invitation, "Come with us to the heavenly country."

Paul expresses his willingness to be home with the Lord, and in later life, he longs to depart and be present with the Lord. Yet he says, if for others benefit

for their progress and joy in the faith, he is content to abide in the flesh if his presence will help on the glory of Christ in them.

This is not our rest. Here we are to work, fight the Lord's battles, work in His vineyard, now and plant the seed of the Word, and water the plants, tend the converts, encourage them, strengthen their weak hands, lead them to the Fountain of Life, work while it is day. There is a rest that remaineth for the people of God, but not until He calleth, "Come up hither," "Well done good and faithful servant, enter the joy of thy Lord."

THE processions of one kind or another which delight in parading the streets of the Metropolis never fail to accompany themselves to the tragic music of fife and drum and to the monotony of tune which is sometimes unbearable. . . . The band of the Salvation Army, among all these bands of musical horrors, is alone to be honorably excepted.—*Fall Mail Gazette.*



MR. JOHN BURGOYNE.

soon returned from his short furlough to Albion than he found himself ploughed headlong into new schemes and extraordinary efforts to seize the battlemented walls of the fortress of sin in the Eastern Province and plant the standard of blood-and-fire in the very heart of the enemy's position.

Perhaps the most important of these advances is the Halifax Food and Shelter Depot Institution for men, popularly termed "The Harbor."

Concerning Halifax, the Commandant, with the eye of a strategist, has made the following pregnant observations:—

Halifax is to the East what Vancouver is to the West. The one is the gate of the Atlantic; the other, the outlet to the Pacific. Between them, and represented by a belt of iron, is perhaps as quick and energetic an enterprise as could be found on the globe. All that wit, wealth, and influence can do to revolve upon that immense steel girder, the commerce of two or three empires will be done, and the doing of it must essentially bring prosperity to the two cities having the luck to compose the beginning and the end of the chain. More than this, anybody must see a dynasty of gold fellowship, and profitable intimacy is springing up between the Dominion and her sister colonies under the British flag in South Atlantic. Canada and Australia will link hands more and more, and pledge together for their mutual benefit. But it is on the Atlantic that the first great move has to be taken. Geographically, Canada, and not the United States, is the key to the New World. It is only a question of steam power and twin propellers. Given the same facilities between Halifax and Liverpool, that now exist between Liverpool and New York, and it will be on the soil of Nova Scotia, rather than in the ports of New England, that the North Atlantic voyager will plant his foot, on a firm basis. The facts that preside over the universal dyspepsia of the human race, are on the side of Canada. Twenty-four hours less of the horror of sea-sickness will enlist many a thousand passengers by our route. If, therefore, the project now on foot to establish an Anglo-Australian fast line of steamships should succeed, what a future there lies ahead of our magnificent harbor of the East.

For this reason alone, it behoves us to look out and be ready for the incoming tide; but there are other reasons. Halifax is a great shipping centre already. Her wharves are covered with craft from all parts of the world. Tens of thousands of emigrants land on her piers, and the gallants of the North Atlantic squadron, of the British Navy, patronize her institutions.

The legions of the yellow, red, and blue have not been neglectful of so important a position. We have had for some time four fully-equipped forts blazing away at the devil and capturing his positions. In Staff-Captain Howell's time a splendid new fortress was erected for the No. 1 corps, and there is a Christy Institution for women who have lapsed from virtue, in the shape of the Rescue Home, presided over by Ensign Hartrey, whose report we will now submit to our readers.

Another distinct advance is made now, and we pray God to bless the work of the "Salvation Harbor."

(From the "Evening Mail.")

The meeting in the afternoon was at the Church of the Baptist Institute, presided over by ex-Governor Richey. The chairman introduced Mr. Booth, expressing his gratification that so many were present. He referred to the wonderful growth of the Salvation Army. It began in the worst parts of London, and has spread through the continents, on both sides of the ocean. It is full of members, the number of enrolled soldiers is four times as large as the British army. Gospel is preached in thirty-seven languages. It is a power that the soul and approbation of God is upon the work.

After much further expressions of kindly interest in the Army, Mr. Richey asked Mr. Booth to begin his address.

After the Commandant had spoken, there followed

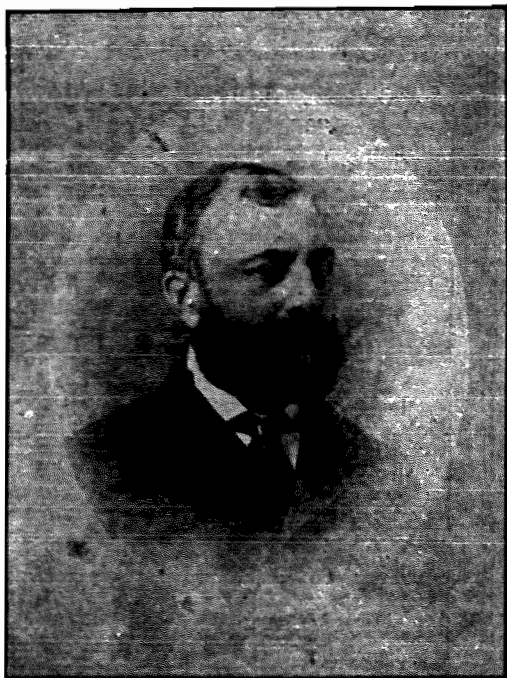
ADDRESS BY REV. F. H. ALMOND AND REV. D. M. GORDON.

Ex-Governor Richey then asked Rev. F. H. Almond to speak. He responded briefly. The Shelter Department of the Halifax House did not fill the want supplied by the supposed Salvation Army House. The great thing is to help the poor folk. They shall not be prevented from helping themselves. He regretted the discontinuance of the street school, which had been used in that way. It reached men who wanted to work to do so. Because it had been discontinued the past winter, many had to receive charity who otherwise would be self-sustaining. Halifax is a most charitable community—always ready to respond to the cry of distress. The churches feel they owe a debt of gratitude to the Salvation Army for its attempt to solve the problem how to help the poor by enabling them to help themselves.

Rev. D. M. Gordon said he always felt and spoke most kindly of the Army. Whenever money was required the Army came to the churches for it. He trusted there would be more and more fully the most cordial understanding between the Salvation Army and the church. We are all under the same Master.

RESISTING THE TEMPT.

Commandant Booth, accompanied by several others, then proceeded to the Shelter on Hollis Street to unfurl the Army's banner. Before entering the spacious four-story building, a group of soldiers built on the sidewalk and prepared fervently. After short address, he led the Army orders. Then the crowd entered the building, and went over it from top to bottom. It will be in charge of Ensign Stephens, assisted by Captain Edwards, and furnished accommodation for seventy men. In the basement is the laundry, work-room and heating apparatus. On the ground floor is the lunch room, and at the back the cook house—all plain and airy. On the floor above are reading and playing rooms, bath, officers' quarters. The floor above are devoted to sleeping accommodation, each floor having its bathroom. There is a great room. Clothes drying room (for ladies) will be given the men to wash and dry their own clothing. Beds are arranged in tiers so as to economize space.



EX-LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR RICHEY.

FOR THIRTEEN CENTS—

A man may obtain bath, supper and bed for the night. Tickets for this will be sold, and can be obtained by citizens who care to help the House, and have the means of bestowing help; that will not be misapplied or unworthily used. An idea of the cost and its cost may be obtained from the following bill of fare, the bill for the night being ten cents:

Supper	2	cents
Supper and bread	3	"
Bread and butter	2	"
Tea	2	"
Tea or coffee (cup)	2	"
Bread and butter	2	"
Butter and potatoes	3	"
Butter and potatoes	3	"
Supper (100)	5	"
Bedding	5	"

THE EVENING MEETING.

The evening meeting took place at the Orphan Hall. John Burgoyne was in the chair, and he filled the position admirably. He hoped that all the energies of the Salvation Army were present to-night. The great promise power of the Army, and the explanation of its growth could be summed up in one word—"Love." Commandant Booth spoke at length of the great social problem.

The Congress! See Brigadier de Barriett's letter on page 9.

Genanque.—After fighting in Brockville for three months, orders came to go to Genanque to supply, so Captain Coote has been so ill at Kingston Hospital. We are glad that God has spared his life, and that shortly, all being well, he will be at the front again. There were a number of kind friends here. God bless them! Many more would like to see saved.—Captain A. PARSONS.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

"We're Marching On!"—Rough Travelling, but Souls Getting Saved—The Latest Method of Announcing the Meetings.

BY ADJUTANT SKEETON.

Since last report have received orders to take charge of the Southern District, where for some time past, Brigade-Captain Freeman has been leading on the forces. The appointment was hailed with joy. District Headquarters is at Grand Bank, some 200 miles from St. John. Money is scarce. Kind friends, however, are not so.

True to the spirit of adaptation, Capt. Cove and I arranged with a friendly skipper of a schooner, who was going that way, to take us as far as Baria. Waited about a fortnight for wind to change. It was dead against us, too blocked the shore, till at last we could wait no longer, and had, therefore,

To Abandon the Schooner

and go by steamer. Captain Batten was also

our valiant (one unavowed.) Arrived at Grand Bank perfect strangers, but these dear people treated us with

The Greatest Kindness.

Dr. John Hiscott made us very welcome at his home. May God reward him! After a night's rest we commenced the remainder of our journey, some fourteen miles, to Grand Bank. Snow was falling, but it being the first of May, we little expected it would be very heavy; it was not, however, until about 6:30 p.m. that we sighted Grand Bank, after travelling nearly twenty hours in a heavy snow and wind storm. For the last three miles we had to beat our way through soft snow which came over knees at every step; owing to this and the fact that we had to travel

On the "Land-wash"

and through the woods most of the way, we reached Grand Bank in a very fatigued condition. God gave us special strength or we should never have accomplished the journey. "Mother" William's home was the first one we reached, and we were compelled to stay until a horse could be got to convey us to the quarters.

GRAND BANK.—The welcome meeting was only foretold by the many happy times God has given us already, and the many victorious ones God is going to give us in the future. Up to date, six souls have found Salvation, and several "the Glory." God is indeed helping us, and by His Spirit revealing Himself unto us.

Plans being laid for a desperate attack on Grand Bank, and by God's help, every sinner shall be warned of their danger and urged to come to Calvary's fountain.

We are praying, believing and working for a revival.

FORBES.—A Thursday night was spent with our Fortuna comrades. We had a profitable time together. Many of our comrades from the Southern Coast are away at the "Banks," and on the "Labrador." Will the WAR CRY readers remember them at the Throne of Grace? There is a life of hardship and toil, away from loved ones and fairing

The Dangers of the Deep.

God bless them and keep them.

SEAL COVE.—This is a famous little place for Salvationists. An exceptional place. The latest census returns report the population as follows:—Total, 101; Salvationists, 100; Church of England, 1. I looked forward with pleasure to a visit. Unfortunately, however, the returns are hardly correct. There are a number of these dear people outside the fold.

The "Hero," under Sergeant Cove, Hiscott (skipper), was leaving Grand Bank for their "bunk," and so kindly took our little punt in tow across the bay. We sailed at twelve o'clock noon, and seven p.m. we bid God-speed to our comrades on board the "Hero."

To say our small punt toiled, is hardly strong enough; for a time after leaving the schooner, the waves seemed to carry her about like a shell. Seal Cove was in sight. Darkness however set in, and look as we would, no lights could be seen. After running up and down the bay for a time, we had no alternative but to drop anchor, and patiently wait for the dawning of the day.

"Uncle John Derry" soon had the fire going, fish boiling, etc., etc. We had supper on board.

At four a.m., after seven hours on the schooner, and nine on the punt, we

Touched Terra Firma.

and soon found Lieutenant Clarke, had a warm cup of tea, which was much enjoyed. Our Seal Cove comrades, not having a big gun, used a fog horn to announce the meeting. This I back against anything for being heard.

We had a nice time, several testimonies being given to God's saving and keeping power. Hallelujah! Before leaving we were able to collect sufficient money to purchase a long-desired drum.

Next day, with a fair wind and a smooth sea, we landed back at Grand Bank after a seven-hour run.

CHANNEL corps has not yet been visited, but from latest reports prospects are good.



CAPTAIN EDWARDS.

aboard, bound for Channel. The "Virginia Lady," after sixty-nine hours, landed us at Baria, where Lieutenant Stephens, in the absence of Captain Richey, who had been resting, was holding the fort.

Baria consists of a number of small coves and settlements on the water edge, some on the mainland and some on the numerous islands round about, the officers having to use a small "dory" when visiting the people. We were soon in the snug little quarters, and after a little refreshment began to feel at home, after our "tossing on a troubled sea." Congregation at night was small, owing to our unexpected arrival and a number of the comrades being away fishing. God bless these

Brave Toppers on the Deep!

I shall look with pleasure to my next visit to the snug little place of Baria. This name is very familiar, for it was not from this corps that three of the "Flying Squadron" hailed.

Next day, twenty-one miles' tramp across country brings us to GARNISH. A pretty stiff walk to commence with, but we "got there." Captain Butt and Lieutenant Cobb are in command.

Saturday night's meeting was a rouser, finishing up with a "real Garnish rally."

Sunday, all day, the Spirit of God was felt in our midst. Afternoon, two backsliders returned to the fold. Hallelujah! At night God came very near. Many deeply convicted, but none would yield. Lord save Garnish!

Monday, after waiting several hours for wind to change in order to sail down to Grand Bank, we decided to wait. The first nine miles to Grand Bank was done with very little difficulty, two dear friends helping with

East Ontario Province.

ENIGMATIC SCOTT.

Rising!

Going Up!

We'll Get There!

News comes pouring in to the War Office; quite encouraging, too, that we are going to hit

The Bull's-Eye,

yes, if not go over the mark for soldiers and candidates during '04.

Each district has now their target. The D. O. say, "We'll get there," either by hook or crook. That's what we want—to get desperate and cry "it shall be done." Desperate! Desperate!!

The "Wise-man," who ranks as Ensign, reports good meetings at Picton and Bloomfield.

Twenty Recruits

enrolled. Hallelujah! Captain Liofett is waking things up at the later place, while his neighbor, "Kendell," is getting a move on at Picton. Good!

York.—Kemptville has had an enrolment. Four came under the colors. Captain Broadbelt follows Captain McKinnon, who, we hope, will get four more; yes, double that number added to the Roll. Cheer up!

Quebec.—Staff-Captain Sharp reports two ready for enrolment. Good again. Three cheers for the officers.

Remember—500 soldiers and 50 candidates during '03.

Other corps beside the ones mentioned are marching on. Thank God.

Was at Prescott the other night. Met Adjutant Taylor and Esau McMillan. Business transacted, then off to the open-air. Had a good pitch-in; felt loath to come away. A kind invitation was extended to the town band to "fall in," but this was no go.

Had a fair crowd in the barracks. Good meeting, but no souls. The officers have got the quarters cleaned throughout, which makes things look all the better. I expect an enrolment here shortly, if it has not taken place already.

CANDIDATES.

Oh, yes, who should not be a candidate? Who, indeed! Come, my comrade, before your day of grace (for officership) goes by. Send in your application, and send it now, now, now.

Since last week's notes, two applications have come in. Praise God. Pembroke sends one and Athens the other. That's two from Athens. I've an idea there is more than one from Pembroke. Captain Crichton will help the boom all he can. Won't you, Alexander, eh?

Kingston has now six candidates—no McGillivray there, do not come in the boom. Three are accepted, other three pending; also one for the Training Garrison, and two in the field. Good for the Limestone City.

Anxiously waiting to hear from Picton, Belleville, Peterborough, Ottawa and Montreal. What about Bristol, Millbrook, Perth, Castleton, etc., etc. "The Lord hath need of thee."

I'm now writing from Cobourg, an old battleground. What sights and scenes come to one's mind when standing on an "old battleground." Old war fumes greeted us in the open-air and at the indoor meetings.

Jubilee Sunday was put in here with Ensign Soar and her braves. Ensign McMillan came to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Lieutenant Morris was also on hand. We reviewed old times together, and praised God for His saving and keeping grace.

Early and late we toiled for the salvation of the people. Three good open-air and five indoor meetings, and yet no one saved; yes, very near were some, but would not enter in—would not.

The soldiers fought well in the prayer meeting. God bless them.

NOTE.—All the sisters (without exception) have on bonnets. Good! They even beat the brothers for uniform; still keep believing. Do you wear uniform?

Next Saturday and Sunday we spend at Picton and Bloomfield. Put in a few meetings through the week; attend to business in general; keep well saved, and hope to see all comrades at the Congress full of fire and the Holy Ghost.

OBEYING God! What does it mean?

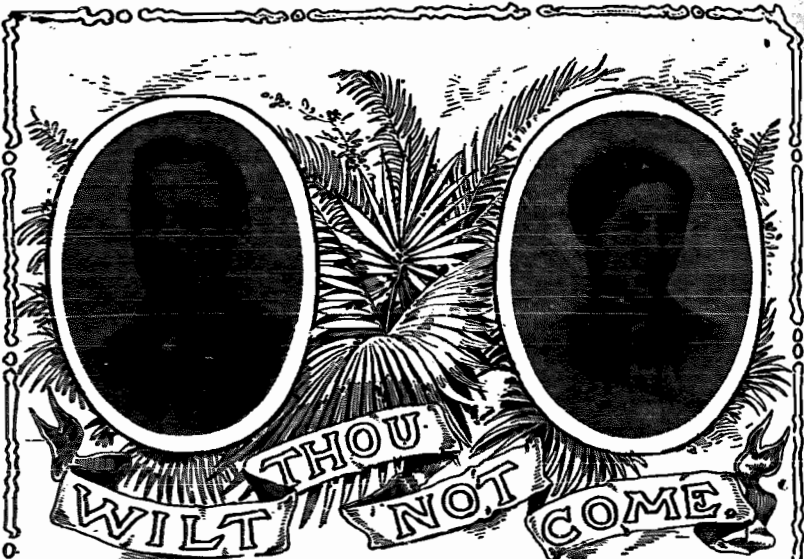
Soulding team, mocking scorn,
Tollstone tollings, smarting thorn—
Obeying God.

OBEYING God! What does it mean?

A lonely path, an aching heart,
And oft the seeming life-part—
Obeying God.

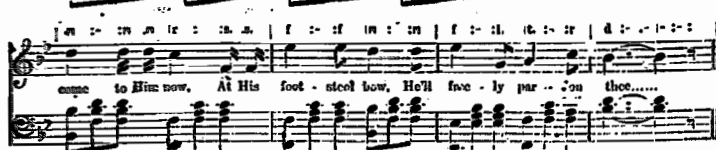
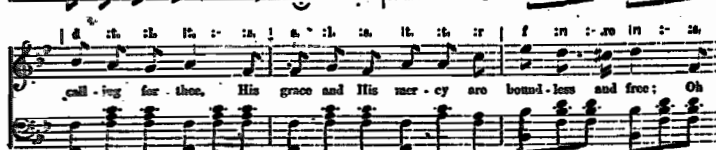
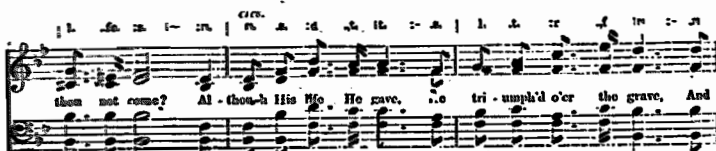
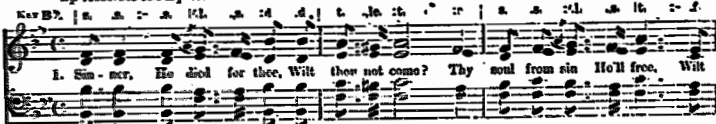
OBEYING God! What does it mean?

Joy, and light, and peace, and love,
Souls on earth, and heaven above—
Obeying God.



Words by EUGEN W. STREETON
up Moderato con espress.

Music by MRS. EUSTON W. STREETON.



2 Long thou in sin hast been.
Wilt thou not come?
Its wrecks thou oft hast seen.
Wilt thou not come?
Thou oft hast felt its pain,
And sought escape in vain.
Yet thou say'st, 'Vict'ry galls,
Wilt thou not come?
3 Thy Saviour calls and pleads,
Wilt thou not come?
For thee He intercedes.

Wilt thou not come?
"Forgive, forgive!" He cries,
He longs to see thee rise
And sinful charms despoil,
Wilt thou not come?

1 Thy life is flying fast,
Wilt thou not come?
Till very soon be past,
Wilt thou not come?
Oh, listen to the voice

That says "Make Christ Thy choice,
In Him thou may'st rejoice,
Wilt thou not come?"

5 If thou wouldst life enjoy,
To Jesus come:
There's joy without alloy,
To Jesus come.
A crown of life He'll give,
If thou wilt faithful live,
Yes, heaven thou shalt receive
To Jesus come.

THE BAR-ROOM STANDARD.

A Singular Place to find the Bible Standard of Holiness.

A Christian woman, who had been converted at a holiness meeting, and was making it lively for her drunken husband, said: "This holiness is a new doctrine; come and hear for

yourself; it's the strangest preaching I ever heard." So he happened to be sober enough to "avert," and to please his wife (for he was glad she had been converted) went and heard a clear, straight sermon on holiness. After they returned, she said: "What do you think of this new doctrine?" "That's no new doctrine—that's just the bar-room standard of religion, and if ever I become a Christian that's the kind I mean to have." And he has it, too, and is preaching it. He meant by the bar-room standard, that

the fallen men who spent their time in bar-rooms drinking, smoking, cursing, blackening, filthy story-telling men, hold that a salvation that is to save vile men from being drunkards and the lowest down men, must be a salvation from all sin. They know that the taste of rum will get them back unless they want-to-drink is taken out of them. They know that if it is ever taken out of them it must be by supernatural power. The fact is, the world stands and waits to-day to see the supernatural.—Selected.

THE GREAT CONGRESS!

TORONTO,

June 12th to 21st

(Inclusive).

Officers of all rank agree in saying it will be the

BICGEST, BRICHEST and BEST

on record. The Program is as follows:

TUESDAY, June 12th, Provincial Secretaries' Council.

WEDNESDAY, June 13th, Staff Council, Y.W.C.A.

THURSDAY, June 14th, Staff Councils morning and afternoon. Reception Banquet to Field Officers at 7 p.m., in the Lippincott Barracks.

FRIDAY, June 15th, Council for Field and Staff Officers in the Jubilee Hall.

SATURDAY, June 16th, Musical Rehearsal in the Jubilee Hall.

SUNDAY, June 17th, Old-Time Camp Meeting on Wells' Hill. Meetings at 7 and 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m.

MONDAY and TUESDAY, June 18th and 19th, Two Days With God in the Jubilee Hall. Meetings at 10:30, 2:30 and 7:30.

WEDNESDAY, June 20th, Special Excursion to Hamilton, per steamer "Eurydice," sailing at 9 a.m. Open-Air Bombardment in the afternoon. The Impressive Solemn Assembly at 8 p.m., in the Wesley Methodist Church.

THURSDAY, June 21st, Great Musical Festival in the Massey Music Hall—500 Singers and Instruments. A Gorgeous Sight. A Niagara of Melody.

THE COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH

WILL COMMAND, ASSISTED BY

The Brigadiers, the Majors, the Staff-Captains, the Adjutants, the Ensigns, and the Field Officers of Ontario, Newfoundland, the Great Northwest and the Eastern Provinces.

Railway Rates will be issued from all points—Return Journey for Single Fare and 15c. Be sure you ask the Station Agent for a Certificate.

PRAY AND BELIEVE FOR THE BEST SERIES OF MEETINGS EVER HELD IN TORONTO.

SUPERIOR SLEEPING ACCOMMODATION will be arranged for soldiers—the men at the Workman's Hotel and Lippincott Barracks, and the women at the Working Women's Home, next door to the Temple.

CANDIDATES NOTE.—Candidates attending the Congress should make themselves known to their Provincial Secretaries. Your case will be greatly facilitated by so doing.

LET US SING!

Eternity, Where?

BY MAJOR COMPTON.

TUNE—Oh, Galilee.

There is a heaven, all bright and fair,
You may its untold glories share;
To miss its joy, how can you bear?
"Where will you spend eternity?"

CHORUS.

Eternity, eternity, where will you spend eternity? (Repeat)

There is a hell of blackest night,
Without one cheering beam of light;
"Will be the sinners' future plight,
"Where will you spend eternity?"

Those loved ones who long since have died,
And sadly crossed the swelling tide,
Re-echo from the heavenly side—
"Where will you spend eternity?"

The Great White Throne.

BY AUXILIARY, VANCOUVER.

TUNE—Whither pilgrims? ("B.J.", 63; "S.M.", I, 21.

Lord, we in Thy name assemble,
Bless the seed in weakness sown;
And may all who're in this barracks,
Meet around the Great White Throne.
Use those vessels, weak and earthen,
To Thine honor here to-night;
And may we, as faithful soldiers,
Ever keep our armor bright.

Jesus, Master, fields are whitening,
Sin is rampant in our land;
Precious souls to ruin heading—
Come—O, manifest Thy hand!
In the conflict, ever faithful—
Losing sight of me, and mine—
Give us souls to-night, blessed Spirit,
And the glory shall be Thine.

A Closer Walk.

BY LIEUTENANT WILLIE WHITE.

TUNE—From every stain made clean. ("B.J.", 81.)

Dear Lord, I want to live
Each day to follow Thee;
A holy, consecrated life,
Devoted, Lord, to Thee.
That sinners I may win,
And bring them to the Blood,
Where they can have their sins forgiven,
And start to live for God.

(Request for chorus.)

Dear Lord, I want to come
Still closer to Thy side;
Each day I want a closer walk,
With Jesus crucified.
No selfish aim I seek,
But precious souls to win;
And while I in Thy love abide,
I trust to Thee shall bring.

Dear Lord, I claim the power
Just now before Thy cross;
To enable me to prove to men,
That Jesus Christ can cleanse.
From all impure desires,
From malice, envy, pride;
And keep them clean through that sweet stream,
That flowed from Jesus' side.

Perfect Love.

BY BROTHER J. E. NOSE, VANCOUVER.

TUNE—With praising heart. ("B.J.", 6; "S.M.", I, 231.)

I'll praise my God for all His love,
The perfect gift sent from above;
That Christ should come on earth and die,
For such a sinner as I.

CHORUS.

Happy day, etc.

I now from sin am daily kept,
I'm now awake, but once I slept
In sin and woe and misery,
But God through Christ has set me free.

Since in His care my soul I leave,
I dare no more His Spirit grieve;
But of His love to others tell,
To save them from a burning hell.

Sinner, He's calling now for thee,
For you He hung upon the tree,
That all your sins might be forgiven,
And you may wear a crown in heaven.

My Experience.

BY CAPTAIN WIGHTMAN.

TUNE—Oh it is glory. ("B.B.", 82. "S.M.", I, 533.

Once in sin's dark road I wandered,
Knowing not God's pardoning grace,
Till the still small voice did whisper,
"Will you turn and seek my face?"

CHORUS.

Oh, it is glory! oh, it is glory!
Oh, it is glory in my soul!
For I have touched the hem of His garment,
And His blood doth make me whole.

But my heart, untamed and restless,
Loved to roam in pleasure gay,
And the voice of God kept calling,
"Turn, oh, turn while yet you may."

So I turned to Christ the Saviour,
Came to Him with all my sin,
Did the Saviour cast me from Him?
No, He smiled and took me in.

Now my life is bright and happy,
Jesus leads me every day,
And while I to His knee looking
I shall never go astray.

So I say to you, poor sinner,
Come and get your sins forgiven,
Jesus waits just now to save you,
Waits to make you fit for heaven.

We are Soldiers.

BY CAPTAIN PENNEY.

TUNE—Shall we gather at the river? ("B.J.", 21; "S.M.", I, 105.

We are soldiers of the Army,
Going forth to seek the lost;
Precious souls around us dying,
On the waves of sin they are tossed.

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll seek the lost for Jesus,
We'll do our best to bring them in for Jesus;
His precious Blood alone can save them,
And cleanse them from all sin.

We have heard the cry for pity,
We have heard the drunkard's wail;
We have listened to the outcasts
As they told their piteous tale.

As true soldiers of the Army,
Coming not for self or ease;
We go forth with Calvary's Spirit,
Loving not the flesh to please.

Drunkard, swearer, thief and liar,
Thou' you've gone so far in sin,
Jesus waits with arms extended,
To forgive and take you in.

All for You.

BY CANDIDATE ARTHUR CHAPPELL, KINGSTON.

TUNE—Lord Jesus I long. ("B.J.", 56; "S.M.", I, 194, 195.)

How loving is Jesus, Who came from the skies,
In tender pity for sinners to die;
His hands and His feet they were nailed to the tree,
And all this He suffered to save you and me.

His brow it was pierced by the sharpest of thorns,
His side with the spear of the Romans was torn;
His hands and His feet they were nailed to the tree,
And all this He suffered, poor sinners to free.

The fountain He opened, it is flowing just now,
His Blood it can make every heart white as snow,
Can break all the chains that have bound you with sin,
And you may find pardon and cleansing in Him.